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THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

He sat and read. A book with golden clasps,
Printed in Florence, lettered as with jet
Set upon pearl, lay raised upon a frame
Before him. 'Twas a volume of old time ;
And in it were fine mysteries of the stars
Solved with a cunning wisdom, and strange thoughts,
Half prophecy, half poetry, and dreams
Clearer than truth, and speculations wild
That touched the secrets of your very soul,
They were so based on Nature. With a face
Glowing with thought, he pored upon the book.
The cushions of an Indian loom lay soft
Beneath his limbs, and, as he turned the page,
The sunlight, streaming through the curtain's fold,
Fell on his jewelled fingers tinct with rose,
And the rich woods of the quaint furniture
Lay deepening their veined colors in the sun,
And the stained marbles on their pedestals
Stood like a silent company—Voltaire,
With an infernal sneer upon his lips,
And Socrates, with godlike human love
Stamped on his countenance, and orators
Of times gone by that made them, and old bards,
And Medicean Venus, half divine.
Around the room were shelves of dainty lore,
And rich old pictures hung upon the walls
Where the slant light fell on them, and cased gems,
Medallions, rare mosaics, and antiques
From Herculaneum the niches filled.
And on a table of enamel, wrought
With a lost art in Italy, there lay
Prints of fair women, and engravings queer,
And a new poem, and a costly toy,
And in their midst a massive lamp of bronze
Burning sweet spices constantly. Asleep

Upon the carpet couched a graceful hound
Of a rare breed, and as his master gave
A murmur of delight at some sweet line,
He raised his slender head, and kept his eye
Upon him till the pleasant smile had passed
From his mild lips, and then he slept again.

The light beyond the crimson folds grew dusk,
And the clear letters of the pleasant book
Mingled and blurred, and the lithe hound rose up,
And with his earnest eye upon the door,
Listened attentively. It came as wont—
The fall of a light foot upon the stair—
And the fond animal sprang out to meet
His mistress, and caress the ungloved hand
He seemed to know was beautiful. She stooped
Gracefully down and touched his silken ears
As she passed in—then, with a tenderness
Half playful and half serious, she knelt
Upon the ottoman, and pressed her lips
Upon her husband's forehead.

* * * * *

She rose and put the curtain folds aside
From the high window, and looked out upon
The shining stars in silence. "Look they not
Like Paradises to thine eye," he said—
But as he spoke a tear fell through the light,
And starting from his seat he folded her
Close to his heart, and with unsteady voice
Asked if she was not happy. A faint smile
Broke through her tears; and pushing off the hair
From his fine forehead, she held back his head
With her white hand, and gazing on his face
Gave to her heart free utterance:—

Happy?—yes, dearest—blest
Beyond the limit of my wildest dream—
Too bright, indeed, my blessings ever seem;
There lives not in my breast
One of Hope's promises by Love unkept,
And yet—forgive me, Ernest—I have wept.

How shall I speak of sadness,
And seem not thankless to my God and thee?
How can the lightest wish but seem to be
The very whim of madness?
Yet oh there is a boon thy love beside—
And I will ask it of thee—in my pride!

List, while my boldness lingers!
If thou hadst won yon twinkling star to hear thee—
If thou couldst bid the rainbow's curve bend near thee—
If thou couldst charm thy fingers
To weave for thee the Sunset's tent of gold—
Wouldst in thine own heart treasure it untold?

If thou hadst Ariel's gift,
To course the veined metals of the earth—
If thou couldst wind a fountain to its birth—
If thou couldst know the drift
Of the lost cloud that sailed into the sky—
Wouldst keep it for thine own unanswered eye?

It is thy life and mine!—
Thou in thyself, and I in thee, misprison
Gifts like a circle of bright stars unrisen—
For thou, whose mind should shine
Eminent as a planet's light, art here—
Moved with the starting of a woman's tear!

I have told o'er thy powers
In secret, as a miser tells his gold.
I know thy spirit calm, and true, and bold—
I've watched thy lightest hours,
And seen thee, in the wildest flush of youth,
Touched with the instinct ravishment of truth.

Thou hast the secret strange
To read that hidden book, the human heart—
Thou hast the ready writer's practised art—
Thou hast the thought to range
The broadest circles Intellect hath ran—
And thou art God's best work—an honest man!

And yet—thou slumberest here
Like a caged bird that never knew its pinions,
And others track in glory the dominions
Where thou hast not thy peer—
Setting their weaker eyes unto the sun,
And plucking honor that thou shouldst have won.

Oh, if thou lov'dst me ever,
Ernest, my husband! If th' idolatry
That lets go heaven to fling its all on thee—
If to dismiss thee never
In dream or prayer, have given me aught to claim—
Heed me—oh heed me! and awake to Fame!

Her lips
Closed with an earnest sweetness, and she sat
Gazing into his eyes as if her look
Searched their dark orbs for answer. The warm blood
Into his temples mounted, and across
His countenance the flush of passionate thoughts
Passed with irresolute quickness. He rose up
And paced the dim room rapidly awhile,
Calming his troubled mind, and then he came
And laid his hand upon her forehead white,
And in a voice of heavenly tenderness
Answered her:—

The Wife's Appeal.

Before I knew thee, Mary,
Ambition was my angel. I did hear
Forever its witch'd voices in mine ear—

My days were visionary,
My nights were like the slumbers of the mad,
And every dream swept o'er me glory-clad.

I read the burning letters
Of warlike pomp, on History's page, alone—
I counted nothing the struck widow's moan—

I heard no clank of fetters—
I only felt the trumpet's stirring blast,
And lean-eyed Famine stalked unchallenged past.

I heard, with veins of lightning,
The utterance of the Statesman's word of power—
Binding and loosing nations in an hour—

But while my eye was brightening,
A masked detraction breathed upon his fame,
And a cursed serpent slined his written name.

The Poet rapt mine ears
With the transporting music that he sung.

With fibres from his life his lyre he strung,
And bathed the world in tears—
And then he turned away to muse apart,
And Scorn stole after him and broke his heart!

Yet here and there I saw
One who did set the world at calm defiance,
And press right onward with a bold reliance;

And he did seem to awe
The very Shadows pressing on his breast,
And, with a strong heart, held himself at rest.

And then I looked again,
And he had shut the door upon the crowd,
And on his face he lay and groaned aloud—

Wrestling with hidden pain;
And in her chamber sat his wife in tears,
And his sweet babes grew sad with whispered fears.

And so I turned sick-hearted
From the bright cup away, and in my sadness
Searched mine own bosom for some spring of gladness;

And lo! a fountain started
Whose waters ev'n in death flow calm and fast,
And my wild fever-thirst was slaked at last.

And then I met thee, Mary,
And felt how love may into fulness pour,
Like light into a fountain running o'er;

And I did hope to vary
My life but with surprises sweet as this—
A dream, but for thy waking, filled with bliss.

Yet now I feel my spirit
Bitterly stirred, and—nay, lift up thy brow!
It is thine own voice echoing to thee now,
And thou didst pray to hear it—
I must unto my work and my stern hours!
Take from my room thy harp and books and flowers!

* * * * *
* * * * * A year—

And in his room again he sat alone.
His frame had lost its fulness in that time;
His handsome features had grown sharp and thin,
And from his lips the constant smile had faded.
Wild fires had burned the languor from his eye;
The lids looked fevered, and the brows were bent
With an habitual frown. He was much changed.
His chin was resting on his clenched hand,
And with his foot he beat upon the floor
Unconsciously the time of a sad tune.
Thoughts of the past preyed on him bitterly.
He had won power and held it. He had walked
Steadily upward in the eye of Fame,
And kept his truth unsullied—but his home
Had been invaded by envenomed tongues;
His wife—his spotless wife—had been assailed
By slander, and his child had grown afraid
To come to him—his manners were so stern.
He could not speak beside his own hearth freely.
His friends were half estranged, and vulgar men
Presumed upon their services and grew
Familiar with him. He'd small time to sleep,
And none to pray; and, with his heart in fetters,
He bore deep insults silently, and bowed
Respectfully to men who knew he loathed them;
And when his heart was eloquent with truth,
And love of country and an honest zeal
Burned for expression, he could find no words
They would not misinterpret with their lies.
What were his many honors to him now?
The good half doubted, falsehood was so strong—
His home was hateful with its cautious fears—
His wife lay trembling on his very breast
Frighted with calumny!—And this is FAME.

REPORT

Of the Tremont Theatre Investigating Committee.

THE present excitement relative to this establishment may render interesting some investigation of the reasons why the once popular amusement of the theatre has now fallen into disrepute. We shall confine our remarks entirely to this city. Dramatic effort has elsewhere, to be sure, been almost equally discouraged. Other causes have in other places produced similar effects, and the play-house has been deserted, the actors dispirited, and the features of the amusement, as a necessary consequence, essentially altered, wherever a theatre is to be found in our country. But reasons peculiar to the character and constitution of our society exist for this apparently singular change of public opinion. The same rules of conduct apply as well to us as to others. They alone, however, do not sufficiently account for so recent and radical an alteration. We are a "peculiar people." Unlike our brethren in manners, dispositions and habits, we are excited by different stimulants, and retained in the course we select by the influence of a stronger principle. The same lever may elsewhere be used, but operating less powerfully upon other materials, other results are produced; or perhaps exerting the same force creates an imperceptible movement. The breeze which ruffles a pool, may not disturb the broad bed of the ocean. So what amongst us rouses attention, attracts observation, and causes a ferment, is by others disregarded as unimportant and feeble. Whence arises its almost entire desertion, why is the withering glance of public indignation cast upon the Tremont, and can it ever be restored to its original estimation, are questions which, according to our feeble ability, we will endeavor to answer.

Some find the reason for its decline in the increasing lustre of religious truth, which outshines the meteor glare of this "heathenish" amusement. They hail its decay as a glorious check for the cause of Christianity. Although they will not pretend to declare "whether the theatre has actually deteriorated, or its enormities are beginning to be better understood," yet their opinion is evidently the latter. Theatres, say they, are lazar houses of iniquity—moral Mazaroths, whence no good can come, and where all evil collects. Assuming that no virtuous person frequents them, they conclude them to be "essentially wicked places;" vice is an inherent ingredient

in their composition ; they are compounds of sin and crime ; highways to temporal and eternal ruin, to which all who travel therein will assuredly arrive. How far all this may be true of the Tremont, we are not prepared exactly to assert. In our opinion it has some application. But it is folly to extend to all the censure deserved by one. The majority of our citizens discredit such nonsense. If, in the records of the drama, pages are found which its friends may wish to obliterate, others bear honorable testimony of its usefulness and worth. If, in the licentious periods of Grecian or Roman history, Aristotle or Ovid denounced it as immoral, the fault was in the people and not in the amusement. Vice does not belong to it. We do not and never did so believe. It is no argument for the prevalence of the faith which denounces the theatre, that it is less frequented and more abused than before.

Others again, with even less show of reason, assign as a cause the recent observations of a few individuals. The blast of their breath has kindled a flame which threatens to destroy the house. Some venture to impeach the motives of men whose minds are as pure as human nature allows. Personal hostility, it is said, animates their efforts ; the gratification of revenge urges their assault. They invent and circulate calumnies, and at last "thrust forward a visible tool," whose motions, like a puppet's, they guide and direct. But the believers of such absurdity are involved in a dilemma. A few lines of a sermon, and a single report could not of themselves have caused the almost total abandonment of a popular resort. The multitude require a powerful spring to overcome their inertia. They must have been inclined to believe what was said. The theatre must already have suffered in public estimation—already have been tottering, if so slight a blow caused even an alarm for its safety. The seeds of the disease were indeed long since sown. Although hitherto buoyed up by popular favor, it has long been sinking, until at last, by this feeble breeze, it is foundered and destroyed. These few publications may have assisted, but did not procure its fall. Suppose, however, they did. Let the authors of them bear the odium of throwing the gauntlet. Let the clergy be allowed to "have first cast the stone." The friends of the theatre have taken unwearied pains to heal the wound. A long and elaborate report has been published ; it has been eagerly read, criticised and approved. It is full time to perceive its effects. There should be a re-action in the public mind. The theatre has been calumniated, abused, unjustly

oppressed. A general indignation ought to be raised against its accusers—a double portion of favor dealt out as compensation for the cruelty of a causeless desertion. This is the expectable result. Accuse a man of a crime, create an excitement against him, then put his innocence beyond a doubt, and he will be the hero of the moment. But how is the fact? The boxes, except on the appearance of some renowned performer, are as empty as usual. The decision of the community is not reversed, although the cause has been so thoroughly argued. Does not this conclusively support our position, that the obnoxious remarks have not occasioned the mischief? They have been pronounced “false and unfounded.” But patronage is still withheld. Is their power so great that even the demonstration of that report cannot convince? If the observations so injured the concern as to cause its decay, the public were inclined to believe them; if not, the fault was in the theatre itself. In either case, the report was intended to counteract the impressions, and restore its lost reputation. Well may the advocates of the Tremont exclaim—“Save us from our friends!” The Committee have rendered no service, but to hasten the very evil they wished to prevent. The last arrow has been sped—the last blow has been struck; and this document, like an ill placed prop, leans against and presses to the ground the building it was meant to uphold. Pains have been taken widely to circulate this report. Copies have been multiplied to such an extent that it has been read throughout the state, and probably much further. Every one is informed the theatre is suspected, and that is sufficient reason to prevent its encouragement, whether justly or unjustly abused. Character is more easily lost than gained; and whether lost by misfortune or fault, the consequences are nearly the same. It is hard that calumny should thus succeed in its object, but such is human nature, and it cannot be altered. No lady, we think, will visit a place upon which such imputations have been cast. Its bad reputation has been officially announced. The stories are given at length, and admitting their falsity is clearly proved, still the fact of their existence is more injurious than if they were less known and true. Great credit accrues to the manager for the superiority of his police regulations. He has done much, and perhaps more could not be required. Nevertheless he took the house with a bad name, and innocent or guilty he has to suffer.

The report, however, has not proved the stories to be either exaggerated or false. It has entirely failed in its object.

Were anything, beside what has already occurred, necessary to deter respectable people from frequenting the theatre, it is the late investigation.

The first proceeding of the Committee was to send three of their number to "visit the theatre in person, especially the more obnoxious parts of it." They reported precisely as might have been predicted:—"They were struck with the external indications of good order." The "*third row*" was found remarkably and unexpectedly decorous. What possible satisfaction can be derived from such an inspection? Whether they went during the performance, when it is seldom noisy, or between the acts, when it is seldom quiet, is not apparent. In either case their survey was equally useless. Four* gentlemen well known in this city, and conspicuous by the superior respectability of their appearance, visited this nest of iniquity at a time when the officers, having reason soon to expect an investigation, may be supposed to have been unusually on the alert. The precise night, to be sure, was not appointed; but since it was well known that an enquiry was commenced, the officers were interested in being uncommonly attentive, until after the inspection, which they were aware would soon be made. When these gentlemen arrived, all knew their intention, and, like the riotous tenants of a school, were awed to quiet by the approach of their master. The Committee may have taken a high standard of decorum by which to form their opinion; but how their visit disproves a single charge preferred against that part of the house, we are at a loss to conceive.

After this investigation, a large number of witnesses was examined. Some of these, as the lessee, manager, &c., were interested directly in the result; others indirectly by their former connection with the house. All these are respectable citizens. We entertain for them the highest consideration. But their testimony, in the minds of impartial judges, must fail of its intended effect. They were not sworn to tell the *whole* truth; and had they been, what is the value of an *ex parte* examination? The very party most interested are interrogated by others, who, be their interest more or less, desired to disprove the charges advanced. Were they saints they must have been biased. And whether so or not, who would trust an enquiry, conducted by persons supposed to be injured, deriving their information from witnesses, many of whom

* Mr. Sullivan afterwards joined them.

depended for subsistence upon its favorable termination, and those witnesses not upon their oaths? Had the examination been undertaken by those opposed to the theatre, the report would have had a very different complexion. Justice Simmons' letter supports this assertion. Before him the witnesses were sworn. Not being questioned with immediate reference to the theatre, rather supposes the whole tale untold, the worst features masked, than that any part was untrue. Either the evidence before the Committee was or was not the same as that before him. If different, it proves only that when before them the witnesses did not feel obliged to narrate any faults. It impeaches in no degree the evidence before Mr. Simmons, for that under oath is most worthy of credit. We believe everything in that letter to be literally true. It amply justifies every allegation against the theatre. To say the least, the Committee has not *disproved* a solitary charge, and the imputations rest as before.

The next step was to invite all persons to make known their complaints. The invitation was declined, as might easily have been foreseen. No one covets the character of a public informant. Many prefer the impunity of crime to being themselves the instruments of its exposure. Even with the hope of reward, few can be found willing to accuse, unless from their official situation it becomes their duty. How then could the Committee expect any gratuitous assistance in the downfall of the theatre? It would injure the manager and not benefit the informer. They who had reason to complain, were content in withholding their support, supposing that experience would teach others to follow their example. The fact that none came forward, shows only that none wished to accuse, and not that there was no cause of complaint.

So much for the plan of the proceeding. Little satisfaction can arise from *that*, and still less from the evidence it procured. We might illustrate this remark by several particulars—we will notice but two.

The first is the "lame and impotent" explanation of the label over the door. In our minds there is no question at least of its tendency. "*No gentleman admitted without a lady!*" Its meaning is said to be quite harmless. But how happens it that all should so unfavorably have construed an inscription so laudably designed? Why should people be so ready to pervert the meaning of so innocent a request? How comes it, if the intention were so palpably plain, all who ever heard of the label should thus scandalize the author? If those not in-

terested thus explained it, we wonder how it was understood by the frequenters of the third row! Not *very* differently we imagine. To say the least, it had a double meaning, and fully authorized "a presumption of the use intended." The manner of accounting for it is the following:—"The occupant of the bars, having newly furnished this room as a refreshment room, was desirous to keep out of it the *casual stragglers* who could as well get all they wanted from the bar in the saloon, and who would damage his furniture, and interfere with those who were seated at the tables." Who are "*casual stragglers*?" Is there a certain set of people belonging to that part of the house, or is the term applied to those *gentlemen* whose riotous inclinations would not be curbed even by a *lady's* presence? How long would the rejected *straggler* be in finding a *lady*, and how much influence is it supposed she would exert—the ladies being well known the instigators and prime cause of all the wickedness and crime? The explanation does not refute the charge. It applies with its full force, and the "gentlemen" and "ladies" of the third row have still reason to believe the accommodations for their convenience superior to any in the country. They may not occupy the rooms according to the apparent design. Indeed, we know not if it ever was the case. We have no information but what others, in common with ourselves, derive from the report. All we assert is, that the Committee have failed both to show the innocent intention of the label, and that the room was never improperly used.

Our other example is of a similar unsuccessful endeavor. The theatre has been called a dram-shop. The Committee show that it is neither a place of "*common intoxication*," nor different from other establishments, in all of which liquors are sold; that the present occupants, "so far from being liable to peculiar reproach in this respect, rather deserve praise for a great degree of improvement upon their predecessors." This improvement consists in introducing coffee into all parts of the house; and they chuckle over the Federal Street Theatre, because the latter had no coffee. Whether better or worse than others affects not the question. The Tremont may greatly surpass the old house in the management of its bars, and yet be a nuisance. To us the advantage of coffee is quite problematical, while ardent spirits at the same time may be had. It seems to be merely a bait to catch those who would otherwise waste nothing in refreshments—a jackall to the liquor bars by which these are provided with prey. It

is said, we acknowledge, that the "use of liquors has fallen off annually about ten per cent.;" and the reason is the use of coffee. We think that the cause of this reduction exists rather in the diminished patronage of the house, than the diminished patronage of the bars. Be that as it may, so long as the present arrangement exists, the theatre is well entitled to the appellation of a dram-shop. No tippling house in the city affords such facilities for intoxication. No more ingenious contrivance could be invented for *making* men drink, than is to be found in those rooms. They do more to promote intemperance than half a dozen societies could do to prevent it. The liquor is conducted from reservoirs in the upper part of the house to cocks placed in front of the bars. There are about twenty of these cocks, each giving passage to a different liquor, except one which is for water. The tender has thus nothing to do but to receive the money; all help themselves without fearing detection as to the magnitude of the dose. The tendency of this *improvement* is to collect a mass of vulgarity, to the exclusion of all delicacy and refinement. The entertainment must conform to the character of the audience; and the manager will be obliged, in self defence, to "cater for low, vulgar and vicious tastes." No matter if at present the theatre is not a place of "common intoxication;" there is no security that it will not soon become so, while four can now drink where one could before. The effect of this invention is already perceptible in the quickness with which every indecent allusion or double entendre is seized upon and applauded. It may be an *improvement*, but it ought not to be tolerated.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ANATHEMA.

FAREWELL, thou iron-hearted one!
 Go—mingle in the glowing throng
 That nightly bow at pleasure's shrine,
 And pour thy perjured voice in song.
 Go—strike thy lyre to stirring themes,
 And Fancy's world shall glow for thee;
 But tremble—for in all thy dreams
 Shall come a withering thought of me.

Farewell—had I the magic power
To drag thee down from wealth and fame,
I would not breathe the spell to be
Stainless, as once I was in name.
I leave thee to the noisy tongue
That pours but poison in the ears
Of him who has a fond heart wrung—
I leave thee to thy wreaths and tears.

Farewell—I feel the prophetess
Grow strong within my breaking heart—
I feel the woman in my tears;
I weep—but not that we must part—
Oh, no! but in the distance dim
Of wild futurity, I see
The bitter agony of him
Who parts from honor and from me.

Farewell—go forth upon the world;
On untold gold shall be thy path,
And men of proud and princely birth
Shall cower at thy glance of wrath.
But when the chase on mountain side
Shall lead thee to its leaping stream,
And thou shalt slumber by the tide,
My form shall come to curse thy dream.

Farewell—there's fame in store for thee—
Go—pour thy trump-note on the wind—
Go—fling thy pennon to the breeze,
And leave thy plighted love behind.
Fear not—thy martial plume shall float
The highest in the reeling crush
Of battle—and thy trumpet's throat
Shall pour the most triumphant gush.

Farewell—go forth to war and fame—
But in the centre of the fight,
When the strong spearmen bleed and fall,
When blood-soils stain their armor bright,
When stirring drum and stifled groan
Will banish ought but rending thought,
Then—proud and false one—hold thine own!
Thy brains shall be with madness fraught.

Farewell—and though in sunny bowers
The downy winds thy forehead kiss—
Although thy couch shall be of flowers,
Thou shalt not taste one hour of bliss;
Not in the light of Beauty's eye—
Not when thy flag floats high and free—
No—till that shrinking heart shall die,
Thy curse shall be *to think of me.*

GALT'S LIFE OF BYRON.

POOR Byron! "*Requiescat in pace*" is no epitaph for thee! One and another has beaten about thy bones, and the world has drunk scandal from thy scull, as thou and thy merry fellows didst drink wine from the Friar's. Thou hast been denied charity if not Christian burial. One gives thee a virtue which another refuses thee, and the world takes part in the dispute, and decides that upon thy virtues both were wrong, and upon thy vices both were right. Heaven make thee a deaf ghost, or thou hast had two purgatories!

Apart entirely from the justice of Mr. Galt's Memoir, we a little wonder at his taste in attempting it. If we are to believe his book, Byron had not a virtue. He had no feeling, no courage, no manners, no patience, no generosity. (We will quote passages presently to prove it.) To write his life, therefore, was an ungracious task—it was to subject himself to suspicion—to link his name with unpleasant truth—to be a sort of hangman to reputation. In this case too, the odium was even greater. Byron, by some mistake and Mr. Galt's silence, had acquired a reputation in the world. People thought him a poet—many people, a good one. Millions of men and women, with a strange delusion, had imagined that their feelings and passions had found a name and a shape in his creations—that he had searched their very hearts and given voices to feelings whose silence had been oppressive and painful. These people are not to be set right in a moment. They would imagine that the key which had unlocked the most secret cells of their bosoms was *feeling*—that he who could have borne with Hunt, and the physicians who tortured his limb, and (*paullo majus*) Mr. Galt, must have had *patience*—that he who could sacrifice his money (how *could* a Scotchman undervalue *that*?) and, what was less to the world but more to him, his ease and his life, to Greece, must have had *generosity*—that he who in numberless adventures, and rescues, and duels, and desperate feats, always distinguished himself, must have had *courage*—and that the companion of Moore, and Rogers, and Sheridan, and the best company of England, must have had some *manners*. These are vulgar errors which might not be corrected until Mr. Galt's book was, at least, *read*, and in the meantime a handsome moiety of that gentleman's life must be spent under a cloud—he must bear the cursing of the impatient, the severity of the gifted, the scorn of the enthusiastic, and the contempt of the wise and good—all these being

among the dupes of his Lordship's reputation. Either Mr. Galt has the spirit of martyrdom in the cause of truth, or he receives an equivalent somehow for the world's contumely. The first we doubt, and the latter must come in the shape of a hundred pounds, more or less, from his publisher—an offset against the unknown quantity he will suffer, which would make an equation by nothing but Scotch Algebra.

We shall not attempt a regular refutation of every chapter in this book. It is not worth while. Here and there an extract, with or without comment, will answer every purpose.

Here is a sentence from his Preface :—

"I cannot conclude without offering my best acknowledgments to the learned and ingenious Mr. Nicolas, for the curious genealogical fact of a baton sinister being in the escutcheon of the Byrons of Newstead. Lord Byron, in his pride of birth, does not appear to have been aware of this stain."

Was there ever a more insinuating, ungenerous injury—so perfectly unnecessary and base? How did it affect Lord Byron's character (the professed object of his book) even if it was true. And is it at all probable that such a fact would have escaped the discovery of Lord Byron himself, sensitive and exact as he was on this subject, or that if he did discover it, he could have made his birth his pride notwithstanding. We believe neither Mr. Galt nor the "ingenious and learned Mr. Nicolas."

We quote again :—

"It is somewhat curious in the record which Byron has made of his early years, to observe the constant endeavor with which he, the descendant of such a limitless pedigree and great ancestors, attempts to magnify the condition of his mother's circumstances.

"Paterson attended him until he went to the grammar school, where his character first began to be developed; and his school-fellows, many of whom are alive, still recollect him as a lively, warm-hearted, and high-spirited boy, passionate and resentful, but withal affectionate and companionable; this, however, is an opinion given of him after he had become celebrated; for a very different impression has unquestionably remained among some, who carry their recollections back to his childhood. By them he has been described as a malignant imp: was often spoken of for his pranks by the worthy housewives of the neighborhood, as 'Mrs. Byron's crookit deevil,' and generally disliked for the deep vindictive anger he retained against those with whom he happened to quarrel.

"In the few reminiscences preserved of his childhood, it is remarkable that he appears in this period, commonly of innocence and playfulness, rarely to have evinced any symptom of generous feeling. Silent rages, moody sullenness and revenge are the general characteristics of his conduct as a boy."

These passages refer to that period of the poet's boyhood passed before going to the grammar school—from his seventh

to his ninth year. Leaving for a moment the malignity displayed in such unqualified expressions used about so young a boy, it is curious to observe how nonchalantly Mr. Galt leaves these unsupported assertions for the reader's simple belief, while, in qualifying the few virtues he is compelled to allow, he spends a degree of metaphysical skill which would make every vice in the programme look like an excellence. What is more natural and universal than for boys to "magnify their parents' circumstances?" It is the very commonest of school topics, and the commonest of boyish vanities, and about as "curious" for an evidence of character, as if he had buttered his bread both sides of a Friday. And in the next sentence, after allowing that he was remembered as "warm-hearted, high-spirited, affectionate and companionable," he says "a very different impression has *unquestionably remained* among some who carry their recollections back to childhood. By them he was described as a *malignant imp*." By whom, we wonder! One man?—for it is not a phrase to pass into a by-word. And if one man did tell Mr. Galt so, which we doubt, could not his metaphysics have been curious enough to suspect him of enmity to the noble poet? The whole sentence, if he expected to be believed, is an insult to the reader's understanding.

Again:—"In the few reminiscences preserved of his childhood, it is remarkable that he appears rarely to have evinced any symptom of generous feeling"—a position false both as to fact and inference. For the fact, every one's memory will refer to Moore's anecdotes of his boyish generosity, particularly his offer to share the punishment of young Peel—a circumstance which Mr. Galt himself quotes as authentic in his notes. And then as to the inference, what is there "remarkable" in the fact (if it is one) that a school-boy's generosity was not so distinguished as to be remembered for twenty years? Nineteen boys in twenty, every body knows who has observed them, are perfect tyrants, domineering, selfish, revengeful, and, when crossed, "sullen" and "moody." Let any one look back upon his school-days and remember, out of twenty school-fellows, two striking acts of generosity—one even, like the dozen that are told of Byron. And does not Mr. Galt know that this would be taken by no thinking man as any evidence against the native generosity of the nineteen; and does he not know that such acts are often mere matters of circumstance, or mixed motive, and oftener still the result of assiduous instilment at home—an advantage which Byron, with his vindictive mother, more than lost?

We get along slowly. We must make another extract within the first 20 pages. But every line is so tinctured with prejudice that we cannot have patience to turn over even a leaf without comment. Here is a sentence which shows Mr. Galt's own fitness to undertake a life of Byron:—

"It is singular, and I am not aware it has been before noticed, that with all his tender and impassioned apostrophes to beauty and love, Byron has in no instance, not even in the freest passages of *Don Juan*, associated either the one or the other with sensual images. The extravagance of Shakspeare's Juliet, when she speaks of Romeo being cut after his death into stars, that all the world may be in love with night, is *flame and ecstasy compared to the icy metaphysical glitter of Byron's amorous allusions*. The verses beginning with

She walks in beauty like the light
Of eastern climes and starry skies,

is a perfect example of what I have conceived of his bodiless admiration of beauty, and objectless enthusiasm of love. The sentiment itself is unquestionably in the highest mood of the intellectual sense of beauty; the simile is, however, anything but such an image as the beauty of woman would suggest. It is only the remembrance of some impression or imagination of the loveliness of a twilight applied to an object that awakened the same abstract general idea of beauty. The fancy which could conceive in its passion the charms of a female to be like the glow of the evening, or the general effect of the midnight stars, *must have been enamored of some beautiful abstraction, rather than aught of flesh and blood*. Poets and lovers have compared the complexion of their mistresses to the hues of the morning or of the evening, and their eyes to the dew-drops and the stars; but it has no place in the feelings of man, to think of female charms in the sense of admiration which the beauties of the morning or evening awaken. It is to make the simile the principal. Perhaps, however, it may be as well to defer the criticism to which this peculiar characteristic of Byron's amatory effusions give rise, until we shall come to estimate his general powers as a poet. There is upon the subject of love, no doubt, much beautiful composition throughout his works; *but not one line in all the thousands which shows a sexual feeling of female attraction*—all is vague and passionless, save in the delicious rhythm of the verse.

"But these remarks, though premature as criticisms, are not uncalled for here, even while we are speaking of a child not more than ten years old. Before Byron had attained that age, he describes himself as having felt the passion. Dante is said as early as nine years old to have fallen in love with Beatrice; Alfieri, who was himself precocious in the passion, considered such early sensibility to be an unerring sign of a soul formed for the fine arts; and Canova used to say that he was in love when but five years old. But these instances, however, prove nothing. Calf-love, as it is called in the country, is common; and in Italy it may arise earlier than in the bleak and barren regions of Lochynagar. *This movement of juvenile sentiment is not, however, love—THAT STRONG MASCULINE AVIDITY which, in its highest excitement, is unrestrained alike by the laws of God and man. In truth, the feeling of this kind of love is the very reverse of the irrepressible passion: it is a mean, shrinking, stealthy awe, and in no one of its symptoms, at least in none of those which Byron describes, has it the slightest resemblance to that bold energy which has prompted men to undertake the most improbable adventures.*"

And this is the *moral* biographer of Byron! This is the book that is to supplant the immorality of Moore, and which a "*Christian Parent may safely put into the hands of his family.*" Why, it is the very creed of Lust! It is the basest part of the least mingled passion of our nature! It is taking from the passion of Love everything that is ideal, and pure, and elevated, and making its whole essence and truth the mere instinct of a brute. How could such a man have lived? How could he ever have loved? How has he not seen, if he has ever met a gentleman or a virtuous woman, that his theory is an insult to human nature, and a black stigma on his own experience? If we know anything about it, or if the men and women with whom we have chanced to converse on this subject knew anything about it, a man who should express or feel ever so faintly in the presence of a virtuous woman the "masculine avidity" he talks of, is a gross, sensual brute, unworthy, by all refined suffrage, of the company which endures him. We never, in our whole life, and we have lived a pretty free one, heard but one man confess to such sentiments, and the reprobation with which it was met, though the company were all young men, and excited by wine, was universal and unqualified. Mr. Galt has unaware betrayed a vein in his character, which, with all his talent, must ruin him as a man of refinement, or a writer for refined ears. We know not how it may be in Scotland, but in America there is, even among the most liberal pursuers of pleasure, a broad distinction between honorable love and the gross passion he alludes to. And to condemn poetry because it represents it as pure, and illustrates it by more elevated images than those of sense—to call a man unfeeling and his heart void of passion, because he did not make the love of his heroes and heroines sexual, and merely sexual—it is the boldest instance of vulgarity and low bred ignorance that we ever met.

As to the question whether Byron has, with all his spirituality, expressed the language of real passion, let the hearts of half the world answer. His "Farewell to his Wife" alone, were answer enough—for with all the stigma that attaches to him from that connection, we believe fully that those stanzas were the very truth of his heart—that he loved her with his whole capacity—and that no man who understands the poetical nature, and the peculiar form it took in Lord Byron, wonders at a single authenticated circumstance from its beginning to its end. The world marvels and shakes its head—for it is a counter-jumping world, and measures a mountain with the same yard-stick by which it cuts tape, and never will compre-

hend why the same rod that explodes a Leyden-jar should not disturb a gallipot—but Genius will act out its nature for all that, and the marvel will still keep open the mouths of the multitude, and still be speculated on *a la Galt*, by the coarse and ungifted.

Mr. Galt has scattered over some half dozen pages, a picture of Lord Byron's manners. We have not time to pick out the passages, and we have no room for the whole, but the general impression is, that while in Mr. Galt's company, at least, he was unmanly, petulant and rude. We do not dispute the fact. Indeed we think there is a strong probability that the two last epithets were even less than justice. Our only wonder is, knowing the disposition and probable manners of the two men, that Lord Byron treated him with even common sufferance. Imagine them for a moment. A polished, sensitive nobleman of high rank, and a reputation which makes him an object of strong curiosity, goes on board a ship for a short passage. He meets there a vulgar Scotchman of no rank and no native refinement, with whom, by the fine instinct of genius, he instantly discovers that he can have no fellowship. The Scotchman, however, is a shrewd, smart, inevitable observer, not so ill-bred as to give him a chance to insult him, but just so gallingly well-behaved as to annoy him to the very edge of impertinence. It is visible at once that his Scotch thrift has determined to turn the incident to account, and every word and look is noted and conned out at so much sterling. It is evident in his manner that he considers the expense of his voyage paid by the book he will write upon him, besides the eclat to himself if he can scrape acquaintance with his Lordship. He looks and proffers his detestable civilities, and asks questions half flattering and half impertinent, till the good breeding of his subject is exhausted, and he takes to the English foil and cuts him. What kind of a sketch would the Scotchman probably give of the nobleman? *Vide Galt!*

We quote another of Mr. Galt's precious commentaries:—

"In tracing the course of Lord Byron's career, *I have not deemed it at all necessary to advert to the instances of his generosity, or to conduct less pleasant to record.* Enough has appeared to show that he was neither deficient in warmth of heart, nor in less amiable feelings; but, upon the whole, it is not probable that either in his charities or his pleasures he was greatly different from other young men, though he undoubtedly had a wayward delight in magnifying his excesses, not in what was to his credit, like most men, but in what was calculated to do him no honor. More notoriety has been given to an instance of lavish liberality at Venice, than the case deserved, though it was unquestionably prompted by a charitable impulse. The house of a shoemaker, near his Lordship's residence, in St. Samuel,

was burned to the ground, with all it contained, by which the proprietor was reduced to indigence. Byron not only caused a new, but a superior house to be erected, and also presented the sufferer with a sum of money equal in value to the whole of his stock in trade and furniture. *I should endanger my reputation for impartiality if I did not, as a fair set-off to this, also mention that it is said he bought for five hundred crowns a baker's wife. There might be charity in this too.*"

That were a brave kick if the lion were not dead !

In speaking of Shelley's obsequies Mr. Galt concludes with the following paragraph :—

"These antique obsequies were undoubtedly affecting ; but the return of the mourners from the burning, is the most appalling orgia, without the horror of crime, of which I have ever heard. When the duty was done and the ashes collected, they dined and drank much together, and bursting from the calm mastery with which they had repressed their feelings during the solemnity, gave way to frantic exultation. They were all drunk ; they sang, they shouted, and their barouche was driven like a whirlwind through the forest. I can conceive nothing descriptive of the demoniac revelry of that flight, but scraps of the dead man's own song of Faust, Mephistophiles, and Ignis Fatuus, in alternate chorus."

If Mr. Galt had not, in his various and very talented novels, shown himself a shrewd metaphysician and an excellent observer of human nature, we might not have quarrelled with this paragraph. A dunce or an unthinking person would look at the circumstance he mentions precisely as he does. But who that has ever seen men of free life under the pressure of powerful feelings, or been himself in circumstances where strong horror and excitement have wound him to a pitch of agony, does not perfectly understand and excuse this wild riot ? We can imagine that Mr. Galt, in such a case, would have gone home and coolly written a literal account of it in his journal, or improved the solitude he felt to be decent by casting up his accounts for the week. But Lord Byron was another sort of person—a man whose feelings were overpowering, and who had no possible means except artificial stimulus to lift from his heart a weight that choked its pulsation. Shelley had saved his life at the gate of Pisa, and he loved him, probably, better than any man living. He has said as much, and we can see that it could not be otherwise from their mutual characters. And after the horrible rite he had superintended, with his suppressed feelings the while, and the action of his strong imagination on circumstances in themselves sufficiently harrowing to have maddened him—we cannot see that in any other way he could have found the necessary alleviation. All this Mr. Galt must have known and seen, and it is only his detestable enmity which has left it without its proper comment.

Again, upon Lord Byron's espousal of the Greek cause :—

"Had Lord Byron never been in Greece, he was, undoubtedly, one of those men whom the resurrection of her spirit was likeliest to interest ;—but he was not also one fitted to do her cause much service. His innate indolence, his sedentary habits, and that all-engrossing consideration for himself, which, in every situation, marred his best impulses, were shackles upon the practice of the stern bravery in himself which he has so well expressed in his works.

"It was expected when he sailed for Greece, nor was the expectation unreasonable with those who believe imagination and passion to be of the same element, that the enthusiasm which flamed so highly in his verse, was the spirit of action, and would prompt him to undertake some great enterprise. But he was only an artist ; he could describe bold adventures, and represent high feeling, as other gifted individuals give eloquence to canvass, and activity to marble ; but he did not possess the wisdom necessary for the instruction of councils. I do, therefore, venture to say, that in embarking for Greece, he was not entirely influenced by such exoterical motives as the love of glory or the aspirations of heroism. His laurels had for sometime ceased to flourish, the sear and yellow, the mildew and decay, had fallen upon them, and he was aware that the bright round of his fame was ovalling from the full, and showing the dim rough edge of waning.

"Lord Byron arrived in Cephalonia about the middle of August, 1823, where he fixed his residence for some time. This was prudent, but it said nothing for that spirit of enterprise with which a man engaging in such a cause, in such a country, and with such a people, ought to have been actuated—especially after Marco Botzaris, one of the best and most distinguished of the chiefs, had earnestly urged him to join him at Missolonghi. I fear that I may not be able to do justice to Byron's part in the affairs of Greece ; but I shall try. He did not disappoint me, for he only acted as might have been expected from his unsteady energies. Many, however, of his other friends longed in vain to hear of that blaze of heroism, by which they anticipated that his appearance in the field would be distinguished.

"Among his earliest proceedings was the equipment of forty Suliotes, or Albanians, whom he sent to Marco Botzaris to assist in the defence of Missolonghi. An adventurer of more daring would have gone with them ; and when the battle was over, in which Botzaris fell, he transmitted bandages and medicines, of which he had brought a large supply from Italy, and pecuniary succor, to the wounded. This was considerate, but there was too much consideration in all that he did at this time, neither in unison with the impulses of his natural character, nor consistent with the heroic enthusiasm with which the admirers of his poetry imagined he was kindled.

"In the mean time he had offered to advance one thousand dollars a month for the succor of Missolonghi and the troops with Marco Botzaris ; but the government, instead of accepting the offer, intimated that they wished previously to confer with him, which he interpreted into a desire to direct the expenditure of the money to other purposes. In this opinion his Lordship was probably not mistaken ; but his own account of his feelings in the business does not tend to exalt the magnanimity of his attachment to the cause : 'I will take care,' says he, 'that it is for the public cause, otherwise I will not advance a para. The opposition say they want to

cajole me, and the party in power say the others wish to seduce me ; so, between the two, I have a difficult part to play ; however, I will have nothing to do with the factions, unless to reconcile them, if possible.'

"It is difficult to conceive that Lord Byron, 'the searcher of dark bosoms,' could have expressed himself so weakly and with such vanity ;—but the shadow of coming fate had already reached him, and his judgment was suffering in the blight that had fallen on his reputation. To think of the possibility of reconciling two Greek factions, or any factions, implies a degree of ignorance of mankind, which, unless it had been given in his Lordship's own writing, would not have been credible ; and as to having nothing to do with the factions, for what purpose went he to Greece, unless it was to take a part with one of them ? I abstain from saying what I think of his hesitation in going to the government instead of sending two of his associated adventurers, Mr. Trelawney and Mr. Hamilton Brown, whom he despatched to collect intelligence as to the real state of things, substituting their judgment for his own. When the *Hercules*, the ship he chartered to carry him to Greece, weighed anchor, he was committed with the Greeks, and everything short of unequivocal folly he was bound to have done with and for them.

"His two emissaries or envoys proceeded to Tripolizza, where they found Colocotroni seated in the palace of the late vizier, Velhi Pashaw, in great power ; the court-yard and galleries filled with armed men in garrison, while there was no enemy at that time in the Morea able to come against them ! The Greek chieftains, like their classic predecessors, though embarked in the same adventure, were personal adversaries to each other. Colocotroni spoke of his compeer Mavrocordato in the very language of Agamemnon, when he said that he had declared to him, unless he desisted from his intrigues, he would mount him on an ass and whip him out of the Morea ; and that he had only been restrained from doing so by the representation of his friends, who thought it would injure their common cause. Such was the spirit of the chiefs of the factions which Lord Byron thought it not impossible to reconcile !"

Was there ever a more contemptible detraction than this ? We leave to its own comment.

The following extract from Lord Byron's Diary is given in Moore's *Life of Byron* ; of course it could have had no effect on Mr. Galt's motives in writing this book :—

"Galt says there is a coincidence between the first part of 'The Bride' and some story of his, whether published or not, I know not, never having seen it. **HE IS ALMOST THE LAST PERSON ON WHOM ANY ONE WOULD COMMIT LITERARY LARCENY, AND I AM NOT CONSCIOUS OF ANY WITTING THEFTS ON ANY OF THE GENUS.** As to originality, all pretensions are ludicrous ; there is nothing new under the sun."

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

Continued from p 644, Vol. I.

The poet now
speaks of Shelley.

AND there was one, like a springing lark,
With a plumage of bright gold—
And a voice that would make the night-stars hark,
And the sun his courses hold :
He shone with a thin and subtle light,
That reached to the farthest space ;
And the eye of an angel is not more bright,
Than he with his beaming gaze :
From bound to bound of the sky did he run,
Like that golden lark, with an eye to the sun.

Of Keats.

And there was one with a wilder look,
Like the light of a dying eye ;
And a rain of golden mist he shook,
As he wandered about the sky :
He loved the quiet woods, and there
He would stay and sleep for hours,
Like a sun-drop hung in the middle air,
And blinding the birds with its showers,
And sounding a music most low and sweet,
On every leaf that it chanced to meet.

Of Wordsworth.

And one came calmly up the blue,
Like a lustrous meteor—
And ever his brightness stronger grew,
By a sure and steady law :
The spirit of love was on that star,
And bathed him in its fire :
And he shone on the hearts of men, afar,
As the beacon-light—when the spire
Of lightning leaps through wave and foam—
From the safety-shore with its joy doth come.

Of Moore.

And there was one came dancing away,
From cloud to cloud at even,
Like a merry spirit at pass of day,
In the eye of the sun-lit heaven :
Or sat on the cliffs of a hanging cloud,
With a readiness for motion,
Like a merry eye on a full cup bowed,
With the wine-god's deep devotion ;
While over the emerald isle he bent,
And brighter shone in the breeze she sent.

Of Campbell.

And there was one with the purest glow
That shone among that host,
And he sat, like the sun when the day falls low—
Right over the Scottish coast ;
And there he shone with a changeless gleam,
Over the mountain bleak,

And over the vale and the leaping stream,
 With a noble light, yet meek :
 Like a deathless fire in a Persian fane,
 That star did neither wax nor wane.

Of Southey.

And there was one in a wandering path
 That journeyed about the heaven ;
 At times with a fervor of fire and wrath,
 Like the bolt of the lightning driven ;
 At times with a dull and heavy pace,
 As the moon comes through a fog ;
 At times with a fire of brilliant grace,
 And then, as if mist might clog
 And weigh on the lids of his burning eye—
 So wandered that star both low and high.

Of Crabbe.

And one shone down on the flocks and fields
 With a searchingness of gaze—
 Like a sun that a gloomy brightness yields,
 Through a sea-arisen haze.
 He lighted up the laborer's face,
 And the hut decayed and low,
 And the sick and the dead with a lurid blaze,
 Like the fire of a volcano ;
 His light was strong, and yet did it fall,
 And give of its beam to a circle small.

A. P.

INDIAN REPORTS IN CONGRESS, INDIAN SPEECHES, &c.

THERE may be a time, we think, when these passages of high-wrought eloquence will be thrice-precious as the leaves of the Sybil. There may be a time when this nation will be as proud of them as of any pages, however illuminated and glorious, in the annals of Congress. There is no occasion of a far-reaching spirit of prophecy to search into the coming history of the people in whose behalf they were given. It is, at all events, evidently within the possibility of things, that the last battle has been fought for them. Its issue, we thank God, remains yet to be determined.

We have no intention of going over the worn ground of the Indian discussion. The public are weary of it, as a mere argument, and may be satisfied in future, perhaps, with suiting the action to the word. The whole of it is worthy to be, and will be preserved as a memento of a struggle, than which all history can furnish none, of the same nature, more lofty in

its principles, more animated in its conduct, more noble in its motives.

Of its success, even as indicated by the vote on the passage of the Bill, we need not speak. Those who have looked over the debates on both sides have but one opinion, we venture to say, whatever may be the disposition of partizanship to conceal it. It could not be otherwise. The argument is so palpably an *ex parte* one, that were the subject less serious, an observer might have been amused, in the progress of the debate, by the contrivances of the majority to escape the face of it.

The ringing of the sonorous metal of the gentleman who distinguished himself by a Report, and a six hours' speech in support of it, had scarcely subsided, when the murmur of gratulation occasioned by these masterly efforts was interrupted by the speeches of Frelinghuysen and Sprague. Mr. Bell and his companions were enlightened with new views. They abandoned the question of abstract principles, "appealed to by some," and undertook to limit the *rights* of the Indians by the *policy* of the country. They denied the treaty-making power of the General Government to the extent contended for, (that is, to acknowledge and guarantee the boundaries of an ancient and foreign community,) and then, admitting its existence—it having been "too long exercised to be doubted," as Gov. Cass says—insisted on the limitation of *that* also. The executed contracts under which we had entered upon the ceded lands of the Cherokees, were to be so far "controlled by circumstances," that the lands should be retained on the one side, as conveyed by a valid instrument, and the guarantee of the residue, on the other, and the residue itself, rescinded and violated, as protected only by a void one. Robertson was quoted to show the general character of the North American Indians. The Chippehominies were introduced to illustrate the Cherokees. The massacres at Maumee and the river Raisin were swung about from their rusty niches in Northern history, and brought to bear on the ill-fated anthropophagi of the South.

To be sure of hitting on the right side, others represented them as white men, mulattoes, a motley mixture of all colors and nations, (like the American nation)—anything but Indians, and least of all, Cherokees! Mr. Bell made the population to consist of 250 white men and women, 1200 slaves, and the remainder of the 12,000 a mixed race, &c. Mr. White colored the thing differently—in a connection that required another estimate.) He says in *his* Report—"It is be-

lieved this class of people (white men connected with the nation by marriage, or those of mixed blood born in the nation) do not altogether equal 100 in number." We should like to have had a calculation upon this subject from the accountant who saw eleven men in doublets on a certain occasion. *He* would have made black white, and white black, with less ceremony and as much skill.

These were not the only cases in which these champions turned back, like the elephants of Pyrrhus, on their own ranks and upon each other. No small part of the ammunition with which they came loaded into battle, was for some time discharged at the same discount. Several gentlemen apprehended great danger to Georgia from the organization of the Cherokee government, "the increase of the people, and the rapid strides they were making to power." But others, who proposed by nullifying them to nullify of course the treaties that were made with them, saw them only as a race of vagabonds—less civilized than they were ten years ago—says Mr. Bell. As the same gentleman understood they had made "further *advances* in civilization" than any of the neighboring tribes, it might be a matter of some subtlety to determine the process by which they have deteriorated; (probably as Polonius could become as old as Hamlet.) Mr. Forsyth, as Mr. Sprague aptly reminded him, read from a Cherokee BOOK OF STATUTES, and a Cherokee NEWSPAPER, to prove them untutored savages. It seems there *was* a usage among them (long since done away) to justify, in certain cases of hot blood, the murder of a horse-thief by the owner of the animal. There was something like this, we dare say, among the Britons of Agricola's time. At all events, they wore sheep-skins and drank cold water; *argal*, as the grave-digger says, the English are barbarous.

In this connection, as there has been much discussion about the present state of the Cherokees, it might be interesting to examine the authorities on the subject. We have no space for such a review, however, even if it were not likely to result in exceptions to many of them as being prejudiced, ignorant or interested. Malte Brun would be ranked under neither of these heads probably. He described them some years since, (and previous of course to their "further advances,") as the most civilized tribe on the continent, comfortably situated, neat, industrious and hospitable. We shall add to this account a part of Mr. Worcester's letter of March last. It contains the most distinct and graphic description we have met with; and not to mention that the testimony of the reverend

gentleman was introduced in the House by Mr. Lumpkin of Georgia, and both impliedly and expressly accredited, the letter is its own recommendation ; it is evidently candid and cautious.

"The present principal chief is about forty years of age. When he was a boy, his father procured him a good suit of clothes, in the fashion of the sons of civilized people ; but he was so ridiculed by his mates as a *white* boy, that he took off his new suit and refused to wear it. The editor of the Cherokee Phoenix is twenty-seven years old. He well remembers that he felt awkward and ashamed of his singularity when he began to wear the dress of a white boy. *Now*, every boy is proud of a civilized suit, and those feel awkward and ashamed of their singularity, who are destitute of it. At the last session of the General Council, I scarcely recollect having seen any members who were not clothed in the same manner as the white inhabitants of the neighboring States ; and those very few (I am informed that the precise number was four) who were partially clothed in Indian style were, nevertheless, very decently attired. I have seen, I believe, only one Cherokee woman, and she an aged woman, away from her home, who was not clothed in at least a decent long gown ; at home, only one, a very aged woman, who appeared willing to be seen in original native dress ; three or four, only, who had at their own houses dressed themselves in Indian style, but hid themselves with shame at the approach of a stranger. I am thus particular, because particularity gives more accurate ideas than general statements. Among the elderly men there is yet a considerable portion, I dare not say whether a majority or a minority, who retain the Indian dress in part. The younger men almost all dress like the whites around them, except that the greater number wear a turban instead of a hat, and in cold weather a blanket frequently serves for a cloak. Cloaks, however, are becoming common. There yet remains room for improvement in dress, but that improvement is making with surprising rapidity.

"The arts of spinning and weaving, the Cherokee women, generally, put in practice. Most of their garments are of their own spinning and weaving, from cotton, the produce of their own fields ; though considerable northern domestic, and much calico is worn, nor is silk uncommon. Numbers of the men wear imported cloths, broadcloths, &c., and many wear mixed cotton and wool, the manufacture of their wives ; but the greater part are clothed principally in cotton.

"Except in the arts of spinning and weaving, but little progress has been made in manufactures. A few Cherokees, however, are mechanics.

"Agriculture is the principal employment and support of the people. It is the dependence of almost every family. As to the wandering part of the people, who live by the chase, if they are to be found in the nation, I certainly have not found them, nor even heard of them, except from the floor of Congress, and other distant sources of information. I do not know of a single family who depend, in any considerable degree, on game for a support. It is true that deer and turkeys are frequently killed, but not in sufficient numbers to form any dependence as the means of subsistence. The land is cultivated with very different degrees of skill."

This will be allowed to be as good evidence of the state of the Cherokees, under the circumstances of its introduction, as the acquaintance of Gov. Cass with the Wyandots, or the

account of the Chickasaws and Choctaws quoted by his Excellency from a respectable missionary, as he calls him, who says expressly, after a statement of facts, (*not* quoted,) that he cannot conceive of the *Cherokee* civilization being disputed. It will be seen we pass by all the Reports of Commissioners, Missionaries, Cherokee and Federal Agents, Secretaries of War, &c., excepting the testimony of the gentleman brought upon the stand by Mr. Lumpkin. We shall but glance at the letters annexed to Mr. Bell's Report. A large part of them concern the Creeks in Alabama, and in the country west of the Arkansas. One Mr. Middleton Muckey or Mackey writes from the Choctaw nation. All that is said of the Cherokees goes to show that the mass of the people would remove but for fear of the chiefs—a circumstance which proves, if it proves anything, that the people are subordinate to their own regularly ordained authorities, as they ought to be.

One Mr. Montgomery writes that one Rogers states that one Speer, a Cherokee, "struck him on the head with a rock *supposed* to weigh near five pounds, which *it is thought* he took over the river with him on purpose." Were it not that Rogers expressly testifies that he "came to his understanding" again, (after this slight assault on his scone,) his testimony would induce one to dispute the fact. It is not likely, on the whole, that the fillip on his hair-pan essentially *altered* his veracity or his recollections.

Two other documents, one from Rogers himself, go to show that one Walker was severely thrashed by the Path-killer, so named. The provocations are not specified. The business of these people, however, was to induce individual Indians to remove, not only without, but against the consent of their own rulers. Montgomery says that he promised them *protection*, but having no force at his command, found "he should not be able to perform." Such is the flagrantly grotesque testimony of these straw-in-the-heels people, annexed to the Report.

We are gratified, after such a review, to be able to furnish evidence upon this interesting subject, which seems to have escaped general notice. It comes from a source which will pass, we venture to say, without exception. We allude to a correspondence a few years since between the Cherokee Delegation and Messrs. Campbell and Merriwether, Georgia citizens of the highest respectability, appointed Commissioners by the General Government to negotiate with the Indians in pursuance of the compact of 1802. Speaking of the Cherokee

Council, they say—"For the whole body we entertain a high respect, and we trust that with some of you we have entertained individual friendships," &c.; and of the people generally—"Those who have never seen you, know but little of your progress in the arts of civilized life, and of the regular and becoming manner in which your affairs are conducted. * * Your improvement reflects the greatest credit upon yourselves, and upon the government by which you have been preserved and fostered," &c.

Some other remarks in this letter are worth noting. They show, like the proclamation of Governor Troup, (read by Mr. Frelinghuysen in the hearing of the honorable Senator himself,) that the authorities and citizens of Georgia not long since understood the treaty-making power and the sovereignty of the tribes treated with, like the rest of the nation. Mr. Bell holds, by the way, that "Georgia surrendered the power to treat with the Indians within her limits," only with the proviso understood, that due regard should be paid by the General Government to her policy and interest. What her policy and interest are, is to be ascertained, we conclude, by herself as umpire; something as an acquaintance of ours objects to the payment of a promissory note, on the ground of an implied reservation, in all such cases, as to convenience, propriety, humor, and some other abstract qualities. The remarks referred to are as follows:—"No state or foreign power can enter into a treaty or compact with you. These privileges have passed away; and your intercourse is restricted exclusively to the United States. You are recognized as a contracting party; your consent is asked for the extinction of your title to the soil within the Georgia lines. We concede that the terms must be peaceable and reasonable."

Mr. White parries these treaties as an *estoppel* upon Georgia, by saying that the first, in 1785, was protested against, (as it was, on grounds which have nothing to do with the question;) and as to the fifteen subsequent ones, "no inference can be drawn—to her disadvantage—from her *silence*, or from *anything she may have said* in relation to any subsequent treaty—because (now for the argument) in each of them a change was made, by which her condition was rendered better than it was under the first treaty"!!

In a singular letter to Mr. Calhoun, Secretary of War, in 1824, Mr. Troup gets over this difficulty in another way. He says, that "on the day of the signature of the articles of agreement and cession, (the compact of 1802,) the *fee-simple* passed from the rightful proprietors to Georgia; and Georgia,

after a lapse of twenty years, demands nothing of the *competent authority*, but the amotion of the tenants in possession." Here the Governor admits, then, that until 1802 the fee-simple was in the Cherokees. He contends further, it would seem, that this fee-simple was conveyed from the Cherokees to Georgia by virtue of an agreement of the FEDERAL GOVERNMENT, at that time, *with Georgia*, to procure the Cherokee Territory *for Georgia*, as soon as could be done reasonably and upon peaceable terms. This is an *argal* with a vengeance; and this—we say it with absolute disgust—is the whole foundation of the Georgian claim. Here, in the compass of a nut-shell, are the merits of the great Indian Debate, as drawn up by a Governor and Senator of the state!

Now we are upon this letter, as it seems to have eluded public notice, we shall quote once more. His Excellency's authority is entirely indisputable on the question so much discussed in the course of the Debates—"What has a Cherokee to fear from the laws of Georgia?" This was started, we believe, by Mr. Forsyth. It is of no great importance, but as showing—like the stress laid upon the inconvenience of an *imperium in imperio*, the disposition of the Indians to remove, their true interest, and a hundred other things—the propensity of gentlemen to wander from the question. Like the unfortunately sensitive young man once called upon to plead "guilty or not guilty" at a justice's bar, they would rather *change the subject*, if agreeable. Mr. Troup's ideas are, or were as follows:—"The utmost which public opinion would concede to Indians, would fix them in a middle state between the Negro and the white man. As long as they survived this degradation without the possibility of attaining the elevation of the latter, they would gradually sink to the condition of the former—a point of degeneracy below which they could not fall. Is it likely, before they reached this, their wretchedness would find relief in broken hearts."

The fluctuations of the argument of the Georgia champions are full as remarkable in other cases. They rather increase than otherwise, as in the progress of the Debate the necessity of the case compels some show of reply to the all-searching logic and learning of Storrs, the practical research and intelligence of Everett, the nervous and fervent eloquence of Bates, the systematic reasoning of Ellsworth and Huntingdon, and the sharp, subtle home-thrusts of Evans. As battery after battery opened upon them, they became sensible that neither mere numbers, nor mere zeal, nor mere talent would suffice. Their positions were all essentially untenable. Post

after post was abandoned. They had relied on the same magic virtue in the "limits of Georgia," as if Georgia could take the whole question into her own hands, by making her own maps, and then setting them up as an authority for the Indians. They penetrated so far, indeed, afterwards, as to derive title from the charters of the English monarchs; and the force of these was derived from the right of discovery—the ultimate strong-hold of the argument.*

It was unavoidably ascertained, in the course of a Debate in which the men we have named were engaged, that as against the Cherokees, previously fixed on a territory occupied and claimed as their own, the claim of discovery amounted to nothing. The circumstance that Sebastian Cabot and his son John, or any other John, sailed along this coast before any other Christian, "did not," as Ramsay somewhere drily observes, "give a right to the English king to the whole North American continent." So far as followed up by actual occupation of the soil, it was good—against other subsequent discoveries. The title of the aboriginal occupiers was to be affected only by direct negotiations with them, or by absolute concessions, or conquest.

To be on the safe side, therefore, Mr. White rather indefinitely holds that at some very early period the Cherokees gave up their independence. Mr. Bell says it was in 1730. They then "made a *more* formal relinquishment *than any* other recorded." If this means anything, it were well replied to in his own words used in another connection:—"To attempt to give any such solemn effect to the submission of the sachem of an Indian village, &c. seems to be supported by too little reason to deserve serious notice." The treaty will be found in Ramsay's South Carolina. He says, *treaties of alliance* and union with them were deemed proper and necessary; and

* This right is illustrated with all the dignity it deserves in a case supposed by a modern writer. An exploring company is commissioned by his Lunatic highness, the man in the moon, who *discover* the earth, and carry off President Jackson and the King of Bantam, as a specimen of its inhabitants. Their address is something like this, and it explains quite sufficiently the right of discovery:—"We, thy liege subjects, have landed upon and taken possession of that obscure, dirty, little planet, rolling at a distance. The two uncouth monsters which we have brought into thy august presence, were once chiefs among their fellow-savages, who are a race of beings totally destitute of the common attributes of humanity. They differ in everything from ourselves: carrying their heads upon their shoulders instead of under their arms—having two eyes instead of one—being utterly destitute of tails—and horribly white instead of pea-green," &c. &c. So much for the right of discovery.

Sir A. Cumming was sent out to treat with the Cherokees. They were at that time 20,000 in number, of whom 6,000 were warriors. "An *alliance* with such a nation was of the highest consequence." When the Commissioner reached Keewee, 300 miles from Charleston, the chiefs of the lower towns received him with marks of friendship and esteem. The other chiefs were collected. Some ceremonies were performed, an harangue delivered, and the assembly broke up by sending six chiefs to England with the Commissioner. The King says in the treaty subsequently drawn up, "he took it kindly the great nation of the Cherokees had sent them so far to lengthen *the chain of friendship* between him and them." A belt was given to confirm what is called "an agreement of *peace and friendship*." The Indians promised in reply never to violate the friendship, give permission to build houses, &c. and the whole ends with a present of feathers. Governor Nicholson, says the historian, had treated with them as early as 1721. They attended from 37 towns, rejoicing in "proposals which implied they were a free people;" and smoked the pipe of peace; settled the boundaries; and returned, highly pleased with their "*new ally*." So much for the formal relinquishment, at a very early period.

The treaties are not essential to the argument. They are but acknowledgments of pre-existing title and sovereignty. As they occasion some trouble with the champions of Georgia, however, it is interesting to observe their exertions to parry the force of them. Gov. Cass admits the treaty-making power, Mr. White denies it, and Mr. Bell does both. They seem to agree in considering the treaties themselves as expedients, devices, contracts to be "controlled by circumstances."* Mr. White proves his position by referring to the articles of the old confederation!

Mr. Bell, to make amends for giving up the same point, opposes to the treaties the incursions of Cherokee war-parties on the frontiers,† between 1791 and 1795, as showing that the Cherokees considered them of no force. "*After this time*, (he says) the government was under no obligation to renew the guaranty:" but as it has done so, why—"it only proves that this stipulation was not believed to affect the nature of the Indian title." A most lame conclusion, truly. The *title*

* A phrase used in the N. A. article of Mr. Cass.

† Said to have been headed by one John Watt.

(—"—— Phœbus! Watt a name
To fill the speaking-trump"——)

indeed was unaffected. It was perfectly good without the guaranty. The only object of this was to affect the security of the Cherokee *enjoyment* of the title.

As to the assertion, that the incursions, stated as Mr. Bell states them, put an end to the obligations of the Government, it deserves notice only as admitting an obligation prior to the time specified. But this was done away, it is argued, (another *argal*,) by the incursions of John Watts.

We have only to say as to this position, that independently of the conclusive mere fact that treaties were subsequently made on the same terms, and with the same purposes as before, the treaties themselves, if evidence be wanted, are the best which the case admits of. That of 1797 is entirely satisfactory. The preamble states, that the treaty of 1791 "between the United States and the Cherokee nation of Indians," had not been carried into execution for some time thereafter, "owing to certain misunderstandings"—about the national boundaries, it would seem. The treaty of 1792 did not entirely obviate the difficulty—the boundaries not being ascertained as agreed in the treaty of Holston, till the latter part of 1797. Previous to this time, continues the preamble, *divers settlements were made by divers citizens of the United States upon the Indian lands*, over and beyond the boundaries so mentioned and described, &c. &c. "And whereas, *for the purpose of doing justice to the Cherokee nation of Indians*, promoting the interest of the states, &c." Commissioners were appointed; these Commissioners negotiated the treaty. So much for the declaration of the instrument itself.

The second article not only recognizes the former treaties as in full force, but "with the construction and usage under their respective articles." What the construction had been of the Cherokee jurisdiction, appears from the President's proclamation in 1789, when the Cherokees first complained, as they complain now, of intrusions by the whites.

It is remarkable that even the Georgia Commissioners, from whose correspondence we have quoted above, understand the matter in question much as the treaties do, and very differently, of course, from Mr. Bell. They not only speak of the incursions as mere individual violences of a few Cherokees, (like the trespasses of the whites, and in consequence of them, no doubt,) but they extol the Cherokees in the highest terms for having been found fighting bravely, as a nation, by the side of our own nation. That fact is notorious; and those who will look into Ramsay, may find that their alliance has not unfrequently been as much courted as their enmity has

been dreaded. At all events, if the violences of John Watts *could* be construed as those not only of the Cherokees—but of the Cherokee *nation*—and granting they were not occasioned by our own lawless encroachments, which the treaties admit—and were not explicitly and finally adjusted by those treaties, in the regular way, expressly provided beforehand—it is enough that they gave no occasion for the violation of faith. They gave occasion for a demand of satisfaction, as provided by the treaties, and in case of refusal, for war.

We have treated this subject with coolness, but we trust not with levity. We are aware of the difficulty of amalgamating reasoning and feeling upon it in the same breath, and may have seemed unconscious, therefore, as we profess we are not, of its consequence and its interest. It is not of interest only to that wretched people—the defendants in the great question at issue. It is a thought which touches the heart keenly, indeed, that any of this primeval and simple race must be driven back forever from their homes and their hunting-grounds—their council-fires on the green hills—their paths in the bright woodlands—the long-trodden and familiar haunts where their fathers' bones lie, and have lain for ages, by the blue rivers of the South. It is harder yet, that the population which must thus press upon them, is of the same people, that, in the days of their better strength *purchased* their lands, or received them as free gifts—and courted their alliance with proud embassies—and even learned of them, like the Pilgrims of Plymouth, the very means of supporting life by the native fruits of the Indian soil. But how aggravated are all these things in the case of the Cherokees; early civilized by infinite labor and sacrifice, at the urgent instance of our own Government; having freely surrendered already, five-sixths of the broad ancestral domain, of which the residue, with the owners as appurtenances, is to be divided among the citizens of a State that holds not a foot of land but by *their* cession;* and having treated, for forty years, in sixteen distinct instruments, without objection or doubt on any part, with the nation of which that state is a member. The case is a flagrant one. The proud fame of *our own* nation is concerned in it—of a people who have kept bright over all the earth, an unsullied and lofty name. We cannot believe that, at this hour, a 'damned blot' should be fixed upon it, of unutterable meanness and fraud in the treatment of a feeble but sovereign people, who can resist us by law and right alone, as they do resist us, in the face of the world.

T.

* McCall's Georgia.

FLOWERS.

"No marvel woman should love flowers, they bear
So much of fanciful similitude
To her own history."

'Tis said each little flower that blows,
From the wild violet to the rose,
Has in its leaves a mystic tone,
A hidden music of its own.
Oh many a sad tone must there be
In this—their tiny minstrelsy.

The modest wild-flower can tell
Legends of her romantic dell;
Where many a leaf was never moved
Save by the bird whose song she loved—
And where she woke, each new-born Spring,
The self-same careless, glad some thing,
Till by some reckless wanderer torn
From her dear sisterhood—and borne
To some far clime—no more to hear
Her long-loved streamlet whispering near—
No more to breathe the mountain air—
She drooped her head and perished there.

And those bright flowers, with crimson leaves,
Might tell you of the twilight eves—
The moonlight clouds and pale blue sky,
Of their lost isle beyond the sea—
Or this might weave a simple tale
Of her sweet home in 'Cashmere's vale.

The dark Italian flower, whose bell
Hangs mournfully—may wildly tell,
With drooping leaf and fragrant sigh,
Of her own joyous Italy.
And silent weep as from afar
She sees the little twinkling star,
Which glittered through the murmuring trees,
As they were parted by the breeze;
In her own forest sanctuary—
Yes! many a cherished memory
Of sunnier spots and happier hours,
Sleeps in the perfumed souls of flowers.

Flowers are like fond hearts—for they,
When beauty shall have passed away,
Breathe the same fragrance to the air
As when the bloom was lingering there.
So hearts, though by unkindness broken,
Will still retain some cherished token.

OBITUARY NOTICE OF ELIJAH H. MILLS.

DEATH is busy in the ranks of the young, and within a few weeks we have been called upon to mourn the removal of many whose veins were filled with the freshness of the morning, and whose early promise awakened the fondest anticipations of ripened excellence. The death of a young person, under any circumstances, is peculiarly afflicting, and the mind seems less willing to draw consolation from its usual sources, than under any other species of bereavement. In addition to the common sting of death, there is an aching sense of disappointment and withered hope—a feeling of something incomplete and unfinished, which gnaws the heart, and will not be stilled. The race has not been run, the battle has not been fought; he has not heard the sound of the trumpet, and victory and defeat are alike to him unknown. Though the dust and heat have not been borne, yet the laurel has not been won; and though the dangers of the world have not been encountered, its opportunities have also not been grasped. Though a young man has not entered into any important relations, and has yet incurred no great responsibility, and consequently society does not feel the wide gap that is left when an individual, in the fulness of moral and intellectual vigor is removed, yet the imagination cheats the judgment, and our loss seems multiplied, because it was as yet uncertain in what one of many ways our friend would have paid the debt he owed to the age he lived in, and we fancy ourselves deprived of each one of those several forms of excellence into which his plastic character might have been moulded. When, in consequence of superiority of talent or elevation of character, we have assured hope of a splendid and useful career, all these reflections crowd upon us with double weight, and death acquires a bitterness, even in his most ghastly shapes, unknown before.

These reflections have been called forth by the recent death of Elijah H. Mills, at Charleston, South Carolina, to which place he had gone in the hope that a milder climate would arrest the progress of that fatal disease to which so many fall victims beneath our inclement skies, and which mocks the sufferer with delusive hopes till the very last breath. But it had not been so decreed: his disorder has gone too far for human skill; his strength decreased visibly every day, and in a week after his landing he died as gently as an infant falls into a cradled slumber. He was so young at the time of his death

that his excellencies were known only to his personal friends ; and of the thousands who carelessly glance their eyes over the notice of his death, how few are aware of the brightness of the light which has been extinguished, and of the fond and deeply-cherished hopes which lie blasted and withered by the stroke. Mr. Mills had a mind of the very finest order. They who did not know him, may regard this as a commonplace expression, applied as a matter of course to every promising young man who is snatched away before his prime ; but his friends will acknowledge it to be the plain, unvarnished truth. Perhaps his most remarkable gift was his imagination ; at any rate, it was the one most striking to those who approached him, and hardly any language can exaggerate its fertility and power. It could tinge with its own warm coloring the sober gray of reality ; it could either group existing images and thoughts into uninvented and graceful attitudes, or by its creative power give birth to unnumbered forms of beauty and grandeur. The field of his allusions was boundless, and his illustrations were in the highest degree various and splendid, and were not only beautiful in themselves, but becoming the subject which they adorned. But his imagination never warped or discolored the inferences of his judgment, which was uncommonly clear, discriminating and vigorous ; he saw all objects in their true colors and proportions, and the exact relations they bore to each other. The foundations of his mind were laid broad and deep in strong sense, shrewd observation and copious reflection, and these gave firmness and symmetry to his whole intellectual structure. He was remarkable for the perfect ease with which he accomplished everything ; the most difficult undertaking seemed to cost him no toil, and his powerful mind darted at once to conclusions and results, which others arrived at by the continued steps of a slow and toilsome process. He had the power of abstraction to a great degree, and could withdraw his faculties at once from all external influences, and bring them to bear with concentrated and resistless force upon the subject under consideration. He possessed also a power kindred to this, that of passing at once from the deepest mental repose, to the most intense mental action. His reading had been extensive, but desultory ; but this never gave any irregularity to his mind, nor did it dilute its original strength ; by some process of its own, it seemed to convert into its own substance whatever was nutritive, and to reject all that was worthless or pernicious. Nature, in shaping his mind in so grand a mould, and stamping it with the broad seal of manifest superiority, did

not omit that minute finish without which it might have seemed rough and cumbrous. His taste was highly refined and fastidious, even to a fault, and his enjoyment of beauty was as thrilling as his perception of it was delicate. His wit was of the strongest and purest kind, fertile in rich fancies and quaint similitudes, brilliant and keen as a Damascus blade, and it cannot be denied that he was not free from the fault, so hard to be avoided by all those who possess this dangerous quality, of making use of its edge rather too unsparingly. His conversational powers, though striking, were not a fair index of his mind. He did not talk with much glow or impetuosity, or pour out the richness of his intellect in a torrent of burning words, but his manner of conversing was aphoristic, condensed, and, if we may be allowed the expression, *fragmentary*. His casual remarks were deep-freighted with thought, illumined by the light of imagination, or seasoned with the salt of wit. It is to be regretted that he has left almost nothing behind him to which we might refer as proofs of his uncommon powers; but he was cut off before that time of life in which men are accustomed to give many of their thoughts to the public. The only thing which, as far as we know, he ever printed, was an article in one of the former numbers of this work, on the "Civil Influence of Athenian Philosophy," which, though by no means a fair specimen of his powers, we think no one can read without acknowledging that it discovers an originality of thought, and a power of language very remarkable in a young man of nineteen.

Mr. Mills's character was marked by peculiarities as striking as those of his mind. It was his misfortune to have a powerful intellect enclosed in a feeble and sickly body, which was painfully sensible to all external influences, and a rude breath was enough to jar into discord its delicate organization. He was hardly ever free from languor or pain, and never knew an hour of that tumultuous health in which the whole frame seems filled with music, which takes the world as it comes, and laughs in the very teeth of sorrow. His sensitiveness amounted to a disease, and he would be all unhinged by things not even noticed by men of tough nerves and rude health. These peculiarities of temperament extended, as may be supposed, an influence over his character and manners. He was subject to fits of despondency, and life would then appear tinged with the melancholy of his own feelings; but the sun would break through the clouds, and the world would smile again. Those who knew him but little, might have thought him cold and repulsive; and he gave his confidence and affections to but

few, but those few he "grappled to him with hooks of steel," and they to whom he gave his heart found it full of generous and kindly affections. His antipathies were strong, but his friendships were equally so; and if the former sprang from things which offended his taste rather than his judgment, we can only say that he had not yet learned that hardest of all lessons for a fastidious man, the art of viewing the characters of men abstracted from all consideration of personal peculiarities. He was not a faultless character, and we do not claim for him that negative perfection, which belongs to men whose temperate blood is easily governed, who have no impulses to carry them out of the narrow orbit of perpetual decencies, who, if they never offend, never interest, in whom there is nothing to admire as well as nothing to reprove, and who, if they never run to wild excesses, have not that spirit of fire that ascends to the highest heaven of virtue. His errors sprang from youth, buoyant impulse, and ardor of temperament, and were of that kind which rather endear men than otherwise to their friends. No man had more frankness and honor; he held in utter scorn anything that looked like meanness, hypocrisy or deceit. He had none of the arrogance and presumption which is too apt to attend upon superior talents; though proud and high-spirited, he was neither obstinate nor haughty. If his remarks upon others were too severe, his judgment never was. No man was ever more beloved by his friends, notwithstanding his acknowledged intellectual superiority; love never seemed to wither in the shade of admiration. The qualities of his heart and character shone out with uncommon lustre in his last illness. The mildness with which he bore his sufferings, the gratitude with which he repaid the attentions bestowed upon him by his friends, his anxiety to avoid all unnecessary trouble, and his consideration for the comfort of those around him, were such as to draw tighter the cords of love which bound him to his kindred, and to awaken in the breasts of strangers a deep sympathy and interest.

There were circumstances of peculiar affliction attendant upon his death. His father had died but a little more than a year since, and it seemed hard to bear that death should so soon again cross their threshold, and remove him who was their pride and joy. They had entertained sanguine hopes of his recovery, and believed that the mild airs of the South would breathe health and vigor into his languid frame; and the blow fell upon them with the deadening weight of disappointment. He died away from his own home, surrounded

with strangers ; and it is a sad thing to die thus, and the anguish of his relatives cannot but be deepened as they reflect upon it. It was not given to them to watch the last lingering ray of expression on that long-loved face ere it passed away into the marble stillness of death—to catch the last feeble accents of that voice whose most familiar tones thrilled to their hearts' innermost core—to fold him in a gentle embrace, and press their lips upon his brow while it was yet warm with the mysterious principle of life. And he too, though tended with almost maternal kindness, and surrounded with the gentle gales of the South, must have thought with a sigh of the bleak winds that blew around his own distant home, and of the dear group that sat there in sorrow, their hearts waiting upon him. It may be said that nothing can much soften the bitterness of the last hour ; but it is a blessed thing to die among one's kindred—to feel our eyes, as they are taking their last look of mortal things, resting upon the “old familiar faces”—to be surrounded with forms and voices loved from infancy, and with the last effort of sensation to grasp, with a pressure hardly felt, the hand that guided our infant steps. It was not his lot to die thus, but there is gratification in knowing that he was with kind and affectionate friends, and that he enjoyed every comfort and attention that warmth of affection and delicacy of feeling could prompt ; and for this blessing his afflicted relations will not forget to thank the God who has visited them with so sad a bereavement, and who, if he remembers to “temper the wind to the shorn lamb,” will not neglect to bind up the wounds of his noblest work, the human heart.

H,

MUSING HOURS.

How dear this picture ! Memory dims
 Mine eyes so long unused to tears ;
 For ere I saw again this spot,
 I deemed the onward tide of years
 Had swept away the blossomed flowers
 That blushed in youth's unshadowed bowers,
 Nor left a bud or leaf to tell
 Of joys so lost and loved so well.

'Tis vain, 'tis vain to dream that time,
 Though passed 'mid noise, and strife, and din,
 Can utterly put out the light,
 The sacred light that burned within—

When life's clear stream went sparkling on
Through emerald banks, o'er golden sand,
And every breath that kissed the waves
Was incense from some fairy land.

'Twas here in earlier days I mused,
And fondly thought my pleasant dreams,
Like sunset mists, would melt away
But to reveal serener gleams ;
And here, when evening softly came
To re-illumine her vestal fire,
I roamed with one whose voice was like
The music of a hidden lyre ;
Whose form was like the thinnest cloud
That rests before the palest star,
Yet cannot hide the diamond ray
That glimmers trembling from afar.

E'en now methinks I hear that voice,
And see that figure by my side,
And watch thy mild, relying glance,
My sweet Adel, my young heart's pride !
How pale thou wast when last I gazed
Upon thy face—how still and cold
Thy fair, unsullied brow reposed
Beneath thy dark hair's gentle fold.
My early lost, my beautiful,
I knew, I knew that we should part,
I saw the flush of thy pale cheek—
The worm within the rose's heart—
And could not even pray that thine
Own fadeless love should all be mine ;
Yet, when I looked on that faint smile
And felt that soft cheek's icy press—
Oh God ! how deeply fell the weight
Of my unsheltered loneliness !

It is the same, the very hour
When last with young Adel I strayed
On this shorn bank ;—the sunset's hues
Were thus upon the waters laid,
The crimson rays were crowning thus
The lifted brow of yon green hill—
Thus sighed the mingled forest tones ;
All save my heart is unchanged still.

From yon white cottage on the slope,
How gracefully the smoke ascending,
Now lingers on the stilly air—
Now with the shades is dimly blending.
Upon yon heaving wave the swan
Lifts into light his snowy crest,
Like some pearl-gem that sleeps upon
The softness of a virgin breast ;

Death of an Angel.

And to the sweet and lulling wind
 The flowers that fringe its margin lean—
 While that bright, heavenly flower, the star
 Of evening, from its rosy screen,
 Soft-pictured on the tranquil lake,
 Seems like the sad and moistened eye
 Of Beauty, or some angel glance
 From the veiled chambers of the sky.

* * * * *

I will not leave thee, treasured scene,
 With all thy recollections dear,
 And in my swelling bosom hoard
 The simple tribute of a tear.
 I will not say farewell to thee,
 Sweet lake, but when my toil is o'er
 I'll come with mournful joy to seek
 The quiet of thy wave-kissed shore,
 And fly the crowded paths of men
 To muse in solitude again !

P. B.

DEATH OF AN ANGEL.*

FOR the Angel of the Last Hour, to whom we give the cruel appellation of Death, heaven sends us the most tender, the best of angels. It is his employment to pluck the heart of man sweetly from life, and to bear it, from the depth of our cold bosom, gently away to the high and vivifying regions of Eden. His brother is the Angel of the First Hour, whose office it is to imprint two kisses upon the forehead of man : the first smooths his rough entrance upon life ; the second calmly wakes him up in heaven, and he, who was born in tears, goes smiling to another existence.

When the field of battle was wet with blood and sorrow, and the Angel of the Last Hour was there gathering thousands of trembling souls, his mild eyes moistened, and he exclaimed :—"Oh ! I wish to die once as man dies, that I may learn the nature of his last sufferings, and may know how to alleviate them when I release him from life !" The infinite company of angels who love one another on high, thronged around this compassionate angel, and promised, at his expiring gasp, to encompass him with their celestial beams, as a sign that death

* The original of the following article was written by Frederic Richter, a German author of eminence. The present translation is made from a French version.—Tr.

had come upon him ; and his brother, whose kiss opens our lips as the first beam of day opens the chilled flowers, affectionately drew near to him his face, and said :—"When I shall embrace you again, my brother, your terrestrial death will have past, and you will be present already with us."

With high emotion and full of love, the angel fell down upon the field of battle by the side of a beautiful and fiery youth. He was the only man who gave signs of life, for his shattered chest still heaved ; and near him there was no one but his bride. The angel could no longer behold the violent writhings of this young hero, whose confused groans sounded like the far-off cry of combat. "Oh ! let the angel quickly cover him with his wings !" he exclaimed, and under the form of his beloved, he pressed him in his arms ; with a burning kiss he drew out his struggling soul from his bleeding breast, and delivered it to his brother. His brother on high imprinted a second kiss, and the soul of the youth was immediately wrapped in smiles.

The Angel of the Second Hour glided like a flash of lightning into the empty body, penetrated it with his divine heat, and re-animated powerfully all the sources of life. But with what violence did this body struggle ! His eye of light, confined in an orbit of nerves, grew weak and veiled itself. His infinite and rapid thoughts with difficulty balanced themselves in the osseous enclosure of a brain. The vapor and resplendent atmosphere, which had reigned around him like an eternal spring, grew dry and gloomy. His sensations became all more indistinct, but at the same time more tumultuous ; they all related to his present state of being, and seemed to him a simple instinct, just as the thoughts of animals appear to men. Hunger vexed him with her stings ; Thirst tormented him ; Grief lacerated him ; his bosom, drowned in blood, could scarcely heave, and his first breath was an aspiration towards that heaven which he had forsaken ! "This is then human death !" said he. But as he perceived not the promised sign of death, as he saw not the angel nor the beaming heaven, he was assured that the pulse of life still beat.

As night stole on, the angel lost his power over nature, and the earth seemed to whirl rapidly beneath him,—for Sleep sent to him her messengers. Mental images lost their clearness, and grew large like shades, and a confused and boundless world unrolled to his view,—for Dreams floated around him. Sleep at last covered him with her black drapery, and he rested in profound darkness, alone and immoveable, like other poor men. But then, celestial dreams, ye spread your pinions

over him, and his soul reflected itself in your magic mirrors, where he beheld the circle of angels and a radiant heaven ; and he seemed to burst the ligaments which bound him to his terrestrial body : Ah ! he cried in rapture, this sleep then was my departure. But when he awoke with a heart swollen, and full of heavy human blood, when he saw the night and the earth, he exclaimed in sorrow :—" This was not death, it was but a fantasy, though I have seen the stars of heaven and the angels."

The bride of the young warrior who had returned to heaven, did not perceive that an angel was transferred into his bosom. To this monument of a departed soul her affections still clung, and she pressed, with a warm embrace, the hand of him who was so far from her. But the angel in turn loved this heart which clasped so fervently, yet mistakingly, a human heart, and which lingered around the body that he animated ; and he desired that they might die together, so that one day in heaven she might receive upon her bosom at once an angel and a lover. But she died before him. Past disappointment had too far inclined the head of this flower, and it fell bruised into the coffin. Alas ! she disappeared from before the weeping angel, not like the sun which magnificently plunges into the ocean before the face of admiring nature, but like a star of the night that conceals itself a moment under a cloud, and then vanishes away amid white vapors. Death sent to her the sweetest of her sisters, the Swoon, who touched with her chilly finger the heart of the bride ; immediately the lustre of her cheeks was dimmed, and the snow of death, that winter under which germs the spring of eternity, diffused upon her face and her beautiful hands. The eyes of the angel overflowed with fervent drops of grief ; he felt as if his heart, like the soft shell which produces a pearl, would take the form of a tear. But the bride reviving with her last breath, opened again her eyes, and fastening them with attractive power upon his heart, died embracing it and exclaiming :—" Now am I united to thee, my brother." The angel expected then the kiss and the token of death from his celestial father. But instead of the divine rays, he saw around him only a black cloud, and he sighed because he was compelled to endure this human grief, and could not die.

" O poor and miserable men," he cried, " how can you survive your pains—how can you aspire to old age, when the circle of the cherished attachments of your youth begin to break, and falls away and disappears ; when the tombs of your friends rise like so many gradations that mark your own sepulchres,

and when life is already but an empty and silent arena? Suffering men, how can your hearts sustain such sorrows?"

The body of the hero, which the angel animated, conducted this pure and sweet soul into the midst of men and their wrongs, among the disorders of vice and the tumults of passion. He was compelled to crouch beneath the tyranny of the great, to groan under the oppression of sceptres. He saw near him the talons of those crowned eagles who devour the substance of the people, and he heard the fierce flapping of their wings. He saw the whole earth entangled in the thousand folds of that serpent which makes it his prey, and which unceasingly plunges its envenomed dart into the bosom of man. Alas! his tender heart, which had reposed from eternity upon the burning heart of angels, was pierced by the stings of hatred. This torment seemed to him his last: ah! said he, death is indeed suffering! But it was not death, for no angel appeared.

He soon became weary of an existence which men endure for fourscore years, and he turned his eye eagerly back to his former state. His bruised bosom shrunk with grief. Pale and dejected, he repaired to the field of the dead, and looked behind the curtain of life, where souls forsake the bodies which they inhabit on earth. With sorrowful recollections, he seated himself upon the tomb of his much-loved bride, and contemplated awhile the sun, which was going down in glory. Now, as he reclined on the cherished hillock, he gazed upon his unhappy body:—"Here," said he, "you might have been sooner separated, miserable carcase, and would have ceased to afflict me, had I thrown you off!" He began to dream pleasantly of the burdensome existence of man, and he experienced, in the twinges of his wounds, all those sufferings through which alone mortals complete their death and their virtues. He became profoundly affected by their constancy, and he mourned with an infinite love over those unfortunate beings, who, amid the clamor of their wants—amid their confinement at the bottom of a fallen star, and their clouded pilgrimage through life,—still keep their eyes fixed upon the light divine, and lift their hands to heaven in every anguish they experience—while their path is lighted only by Hope, which points away to another horizon, where one day they shall rise like the sun. Such a crowd of emotions opened afresh his wounds; blood, those tears of the soul, spouted from his bosom upon the ground, and his enfeebled body sunk down by the remains of his bride. A distant echo, like harmonious sighs, expand-

ed in space ; a light cloud passed before the angel and wrapped him in sleep. A divine ray escaped, and the angels appeared to him, pointing out to him a void space in their circle : "Is it still thee, deceitful dream ?" he said. But the Angel of the First Hour advanced under a canopy of light, and gave him the sign of the kiss, saying :—"Death is past, eternal brother and celestial friend !" And the young warrior, holding his bride, came to receive him with a sweet smile.

S.

THE FRIGATE'S RETURN.

OUR Home—our well remembered Home! by that one thrilling word
What gladdening thoughts of joy and love in our young hearts are stirred!
The mountains that our boyhood knew, in the blue distance stand,
And, with a thrill of more than joy, we hail our native land!

Oh! many a long and weary day we've been upon the deep,
Where the banners of the tempest rush, and living lightnings leap—
Where billows heave their giant strength up to the cloud-filled dome,
Whirling our vessel, like a leaf, amid the blinding foam.

And we have been on foreign shores—on other skies have gazed,
Upon another nation's sea our eagle flag have raised;
With bosoms bounding as we went upon our trackless way,
We've seen the starry banner with those sunset breezes play.

Amid the islands of the east our flag has floated free,
And dallied with the fragrant gales that sweep the Indian sea;
We've lingered in the lovely clime where gay Pagodas stand,
And our ship has flung the frolic foam on the Asiatic strand.

We've felt the balmy airs that kiss the fair Circassian isles,
We've gazed upon the lands that bask in Heaven's perennial smiles;—
The hallowed, and the holy land—the pilgrim land divine,
We've trod, as we would tread the ground before a prophet's shrine.

But now upon the quiet wave that ripples to a shore,
That welcomes to his childhood's haunts the wanderer once more,
In dreamy distance far away, those foreign beauties lie,
And memory rushes on to be beneath our own bright sky.

What yearning thoughts are there for us;—how many eyes are wet
With tears of joy, that more than say, they never can forget!
And we too feel an ecstasy that words may never tell,
While in our bosoms speechless thoughts in 'wilderer tumult swell.

Our home—our home—our native land ! our hearts yet hold thee dear ;
Again we breath thy mountain air, thy pure rich atmosphere :—
Our gallant vessel in the bay—the star-flag at her mast—
And we on shore among the loved and lovely ones at last !

But though we love our native land, and dearly love our friends,
And the beauty of the glorious sky that o'er our country bends,
Yet do we love those joyous waves that rear their crests of foam,
And proudly do we love yon ship—the ship that brought us home !

FERAMORZ.

WHITEFIELD.

YOUR correspondent "T.," Mr. Editor, in the course of an interesting article upon this wonderful man, remarks that his ashes lie in a graveyard in Newburyport. It may not be impertinent for me to add a few words to what he has already told your readers upon the subject of Whitefield's burial place.

By his own desire, the remains of this celebrated preacher were deposited beneath the pulpit of the 1st Presbyterian Church in this place, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Murray ; and his tomb was visited as a curiosity for very many years, by Europeans and Americans, many of whom have carried away relics of one, whose remarkable eloquence, and distinguished zeal as a preacher, had astonished so many multitudes in both hemispheres. So numerous were these visitors, and so eager was each to bear away some memento of this kind, that at length it was found necessary to interdict all access to the tomb for a while, until scarce a dust remains of what was once Whitefield.

Within the two last years this Church has undergone extensive repairs on the interior, and a plain marble slab has been placed upon the pulpit, bearing the name of George Whitefield, who, the reader is informed, is buried beneath it. Soon after the completion of these alterations, a gentleman of this town who has been heretofore distinguished for his liberality towards Theological Institutions, and who remembered to have frequently heard the subject of this notice preaching in this very house, erected a splendid Cenotaph to the memory of Whitefield in a corner of the church. It was made in Philadelphia, and is a beautiful specimen of art, composed of various kinds of marble, and of first rate work-

manship. It bears an English inscription, which is as follows:—

THIS CENOTAPH

is erected, with affectionate veneration, to the
memory of the

REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD,

born at Gloucester, (Eng.) December 16, 1714;
educated at Oxford University; ordained in 1736.

In a ministry of 34 years

he crossed the Atlantic thirteen times,
and preached more than 18,000 sermons.

As a soldier of the cross, humble, devout, ardent;
He put on the whole armor of God, preferring the
honor of Christ to his own interest, repose,
reputation or life: as a Christian orator, his deep
piety, disinterested zeal, and vivid imagination,
gave unexampled energy to his look, action and
utterance: bold, fervent, pungent and popular in
his eloquence, no other uninspired man ever
preached to so large assemblies, or enforced
the simple truths of the gospel by motives so
persuasive and awful, and with an influence
so powerful on the hearts of his hearers.

He died of asthma, Sept. 30, 1770;
Suddenly exchanging his life of unparalleled
labors for his eternal rest.

Trusting that this account will not prove entirely uninteresting to those of your readers who perused the article of T., I shall add no apology for requesting its insertion in the American Monthly Magazine.

Newburyport.

o***.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE have long wished for an opportunity of saying a timely word upon one subject—cruelty to animals. A pamphlet lies by us which we took this morning from the Post-office, without title-page or any other clue to inform us from whence it came,—representing the sufferings of a spirit, who, for having given pain to an inferior being, was condemned to live an inferior animal life on earth. It describes in simple and feeling language some of the commonest abuses of the horse—cruelties which, horrible as they are to every human sympathy, occur constantly before our eyes, and go as constantly unpun-

ished. There is less of this in Boston than in any other city in this country. We are proud, from actual observation, to say it. Our dray-horses are powerful, well-fed, noble animals, almost without exception. They are owned by men of comparative wealth, who make it a business to oversee their work, and who evidently take a pride in their appearance and condition. In most other cities, on the contrary, the driver of the horse is the owner, the class is one of the lowest and most degraded of the population, and brutality is practised, not only from bad passions, but in every shape that ignorance or want can occasion. We never walk the streets of some of the Southern cities, without witnessing animal distress to a degree which pains and shocks us beyond measure. We have been in those cities often, and it is always so, and no use could or does accustom the feelings to it. The horses in the hacks, the hourlies, and particularly the drays, are lean, half-famished, wretched animals, whipped at every step, and dragging even a common load with pain and difficulty. We think no one can deny this who has walked the streets of these cities with his eyes open. Add to this the numbers of filthy, maimed, half-starved, and half-frozen hogs, who are lying about in the way of wheels, and tormented by unfeeling boys, and you have enough to poison effectually the pleasure of walking the broad pavements and looking at the fashion and beauty that throng them. It is a relief to us to get back to our own city, and see the handsome well-appointed coaches and drays, and our clean and undisfigured streets—but even here, a day does not pass that we do not see some revolting instance of cruelty. The best argument on this subject is a narration like the one before us, and we make a large extract in the hope that it will be read and regarded. We give our sincere thanks to the humane individual or society by whose favor we possess it, and we trust that every editor into whose hands either the book or our extract may fall, will copy, and comment upon it:—

“When I had passed my third year, they commenced, what they called, breaking me. This operation should have been gradual and gentle, to familiarize me by degrees, almost imperceptible, to the various novel and oppressive feelings and situations it produced. But the only preparation I had received, was my previous ill-treatment at the hands of man. Having forced a clumsy bit in my mouth, and holding the allonge in one hand, and a long heavy whip in the other, he drove me in a circle I would have gone sufficiently well of my own accord, requiring only, when irregular or fatigued, a mild, sparing correction. But he inflicted on me a constant succession of severe lashes, and sudden powerful pulls upon my mouth. This discipline was often and aggravatingly repeated, and the whole pro-

cess of training, like the usage given me in general, was anything but just. My humble, jaded appearance, caused by this pitiless treatment, gave rise to many unfeeling remarks from the by-standers. As a horse, I could not feel their sarcasms, but my intelligent spirit was grieved to perceive them have such mistaken notions of their conduct, and to their needless cruelty, add heartless, though as they thought, unheeded insult.

"He next proceeded to back me. Having fastened a heavy double bit in my tender mouth, with a severe curb chain bearing hard, wounding my under jaw, and secured the irksome saddle with his tight girths, an assistant holding me by the mouth, he suddenly sprang upon my back. Frightened and pained by my strange situation, the heavy weight on my body, the confining pressure of the girth, and the galling of the curb, I struggled for release, while he continued incessantly jerking in my sore jaws, lashing me with his whip, and driving his sharp spurs deep into my flank. Thus fretted and tormented into an agony, I made some instinctive and convulsive efforts to release and defend myself, by shaking my head, plunging, rearing; which were returned by my merciless master by deeper goads from his heels, and more cruel jerks from the reins, adding to my terror by the loud, harsh tones of his voice. He continued these various modes of torture with all the violence his strength and art, stimulated by his rage, could supply; nor did he dismount until they were totally exhausted. I, my mouth, sides and limbs, swollen and bleeding from the various instruments of his cruelty, and overcome with excessive fatigue, pain and terror, could scarce support myself on my feet. When at last I was freed from the presence of my tyrant; the aching of my frame, and the horrid impressions remaining on my mind prevented all repose. Besides, I was gnawed by hunger and thirst, for he finished his work at that time by withholding all sustenance, saying that my spirit must be further broken. These were the beginning of the miseries of my irksome life—a life prematurely brought to a close by the oppression, privation and slavery of which it was composed."

* * * * *

"How often have I been overloaded with grievous burdens, to carry or draw which my strength was quite inadequate, and perhaps at the time exhausted by starvation and ill-treatment, and they would beat me most shockingly with the loaded end of the whip as well as the lash, until the agony of my torture produced preternatural efforts, or their own limbs becoming weary with the labor of punishing me, they would lighten the load or assist at the wheels. In this, as in many other instances, I, perfectly innocent myself, would suffer from my driver on account of his own fault, more than the amount of all that he had ever experienced; and very often has a beast, gentle, well disposed, and free from blame on his part, endured more excruciating torture in one day, and indeed in a single hour, than would be needed from the hands of judicious and humane masters to prevent, check and correct the irregularities of his whole life.

"For offences of the most trifling nature, as well as for acts in which I was perfectly blameless, I have received the most unkind and savage treatment. When almost choked and parched on the dry, hot road, I have cast a wishful eye, and ventured slightly to incline my drooping head towards some watering place; how much easier for him, instead of cruelly punishing, to have indulged me for one moment, and permitted me to slake my thirst: and how much better the slight refreshment would have enabled me to travel; at least, it were barbarous enough to refuse me the gratification of the simple cravings of nature, without also half murdering me with whip and reins. If galled and rendered restless

by any part of the harness improperly made or placed, or my flesh pierced and lacerated by the harsh application of a curry-comb's sharp, wiry teeth, I have tried to relieve the irritation by any motion of my body; if stung by insects, I have attempted their removal; if some unusual, sudden or terrific sound or sight has caused me to give an involuntary start; if icy, muddy banks, or smooth rocks have made me slip, or an overload, an uneven pathway, or the treading on the sharp fragments of stone, have forced me to stumble; without ascertaining, removing, or even reflecting on the cause, my master would redouble his blows and abuse.

"An awkward, furious rider, once spurring me forward, and then instantly curbing me with a violent pull on his heavy double bit, the extreme pain of the spurs in my side, and the pressure on my lips, forced me to rear, and he continuing his pull on my mouth, the constant strain inevitably drew me further back, until he lost his balance, and his whole weight drawing on my head, threw me, in spite of my efforts to save myself and him, backwards, with a terrible shock, prostrate on the road. Almost stunned, breathless and fainting, as I was, from the overpowering fright and pain of such a violent and sudden concussion, he did not think I had suffered sufficiently for his fault, or in charity must I say he did not think at all, but placing one foot on the bridle near my mouth, and thus holding me to the ground, he stamped, beat, spurred and lashed with all the force his rage could exert. His own caprice and wanton abuse of power first urged me to bound, and his ignorance in not giving me my head a trifle, when I was rearing, completed the catastrophe.

"I was once left with another horse, from the same stall, at a smith's to be shod anew; for the natural defence of our feet is totally inadequate to the severe and constant employment to which we are subjected. My companion was a gentle, timid creature, endowed with acute sensibility. He had on former occasions suffered much in the same shop from their awkwardly driving the shoe-nails into the quick, and from other unfeeling conduct. His head being turned towards the forge, the motion and noise of the bellows and of the bright fire, the remembrance of his past experience, and the rough tone and manner of the operator, altogether so alarmed him, that in shrinking back from his unpleasant, and, as he naturally thought, dangerous situation, he released his foot from the harsh gripe of the man, who then gave him repeated blows with his heavy hammer, uttering horrid imprecations; all of which only increasing the agitation and restlessness of the horse, the workman seized and attempted to hold him by the ears with a large pincers; but this absurd mode of quieting him being unsuccessful, he at last threw the horse, and tied him in a painfully distorted attitude till the operation was finished. When we returned, our owner began to harness us; but as often as he tried to draw the collar or headstall over the ears of the poor animal, the latter, dreading a renewal of the torture, by rearing and tossing back his head, strove to avert it. At last the man, seizing a club, struck him with benumbing force on the forehead to the ground, and with difficulty harnessed him. This occurred two or three times; the man became more rude and the horse more timid, and at last the owner, in a fit of passion, swore that since these ears were so delicate they should trouble him no longer, and with a clumsy knife mangled them off. The wound, from neglect, was a long time healing, during which the animal suffered much pain, and even additional abuse.

"The same horse was on another occasion put in a tremor by the grating noise produced by the accidental rubbing of bricks. This invol-

untary shivering, which injured nobody, might easily have been left alone, or overcome by soothing means, or by use. But his master continued the usual practice, uttering horrid imprecations, and inflicting needless blows; and causing another to rub two hard bricks together, continued lashing with his whip until the horse fell upon his haunches, worn out with suffering and terror, and ceased trembling for the time, only because nature was too much exhausted for his nerves to perform their office."

This is but one species of cruelty. There are others which are worse—for they are committed with no object but amusement, and followed avowedly as "sports." We speak of shooting and fishing. Custom and the partial apology of occasional necessity seem to have dulled all sensibility to the sufferings of game. The same man who would pity from his soul a newly caught bird beating its wings against the bars of a cage, will go out in the fine air of morning, when the gift of life is most delicious to him, and maim and kill, without a regret, the very happiest and most innocent of God's creatures. We overtook, not long ago, upon a remote by-road, a friend of ours with a bag full of game. He had been shooting since daylight, but it was late in the forenoon, and he had not fired his Manton for two hours. I asked to look at his bag. The nettings were clotted with blood, and the bright feathers were forced through by the closeness with which they were packed. I shook them out upon the grass, and there was not one dead among them. Some had only a wing broken, some were shot, though not mortally, in the body, some were bleeding at the breast, and one, who had his bill torn off, must have been taken while blinded by his agony, for his wings and body were untouched. After fluttering for a moment, all but two who were too weak for the effort, settled down upon their breasts, and, drawing their wings close to the bodies, lay, with the exception of the slight shudder of pain, and the occasional sick drooping of the membranous film over the eye, quite still. In the course of an hour, during which I contrived to detain my friend on the spot, six of the number died—one with great distress, beating his head convulsively on the grass, and the others more quietly. The scene evidently began to move him, but pretending an unfeeling curiosity to see which would live the longest, I talked on, and resisted every attempt he made to rise and put an end to their sufferings. One after another, all died except the one whose beak had been torn off—a large brown thrush—one of the most graceful and beautiful birds I ever saw. He lay on his breast, with his mild, liquid eye fixed steadily upon us, the blood dripping from his wounds in slow drops, and discolor-

ing the soft, brown feathers through which we could see distinctly the beat of a quick throb. Presently he began to stir uneasily, half rising upon his feet, and striking out his wings as if he would fly. His head then drooped upon his breast, his eye filmed, and, with a convulsive effort, he threw himself over on his back, struggled for a moment with his feet, and his wings fell from his side in the relaxation of death. My friend turned away with a strong expression of pain upon his countenance. "Will you give me those birds?" said I. "Certainly," he said, "They are not very good eating birds, and I should have thrown them away—but I had no idea a bird died so hard. Upon my word, I think I shall never shoot another." We have mentioned this simple incident in the hope that, without such a cruel experiment, some of our readers may be induced to abandon this habit. It is, in our opinion, a barbarous and unmanly sport, and if the feelings were not educated to it from boyhood, its cruelty would shock the most indifferent sympathies.

IN stepping from a carriage, one cold night, some years since, in the city of New York, we jostled aside a foot passenger, who fell heavily on the pavement. It was at the door of a house in which a large and very gay party were assembled, and the feeling of humanity not being predominant, we made a hasty apology, and were about passing on, when the hackman called out that the gentleman appeared to be hurt. We called for a light, and under the soiled and squalid dress of a beggar, discovered the features of a quondam fellow student, of whom for some months we had lost all traces. He was in a state of absolute starvation, and when jostled aside by us, had fallen and fainted from weakness.

We have told the story to illustrate the feeling with which we have read the developements of Mr. Dwight's Report on Imprisonment for Debt. It seems equally shocking and incredible that such an amount of misery and injustice as that suffered by debtors should have been entailing continually for years upon our fellow creatures, unredressed, and in a great degree unknown. Mr. Dwight, the Secretary of the Prison Discipline Society, has made it the subject of an elaborate Report, and with a zeal which does him honor, has procured letters from the first men in the country on the existing abuses of the Debtor's law. It is a document of great clearness and ability, and cannot fail to interest every humane reader. We will make an extract or two from these letters, which will be better than any partial statement of our own. One of the

clearest and most explicit is from Hon. Edward Everett. We give a part of it:—

“Were I obliged to give a specific answer to your first question, ‘What do you think of imprisonment for debt for sums less than one dollar?’ I should say, I think it a disgrace to the community where it is tolerated; and that a person, who would deprive a fellow creature of his liberty for inability to pay that sum, ought himself to be sent to the State’s Prison till he had learned humanity, or rather to the Insane Hospital till he was restored to reason.

“I fear there is too great reason to say, that we live under a system of laws, touching the relations of debtor and creditor, utterly at war, not only with common sense, but common humanity.

“Although crime may be connected with insolvency, yet insolvency is not of itself a crime. Where fraud has been committed, let that fraud be proceeded against under known laws, and punished, I care not how severely, so the bounds of reason and humanity are not passed. But inability to pay one’s debts is itself no proof of crime. It may, and often does arise from the act of God, and misfortune in all its forms. A man may become insolvent in consequence of sickness, shipwreck, a fire, a bad season, political changes affecting trade at home and abroad; or, being wholly prosperous in his own business, he may be involved in the ruin of his debtor. In the eye of the law of Massachusetts, a man’s inability to meet his obligations, produced in any of these ways, is a crime punishable by imprisonment.

“Suppose a Legislature were to pass a law that whoever should have a ship cast away, or a ware-house burnt down, should be imprisoned thirty days. What would be thought of their humanity? what of their sanity? Such, however, in substance, is the law of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The absurdity of such a system is as glaring as its cruelty.

“To deprive a citizen of liberty is one of the highest inflictions of penal justice. Next to capital punishment, it is the most infamous punishment known to our law. The power of wielding this formidable weapon ought to be lodged exclusively in the hands of the magistrate. Grave public reasons should alone decide when it should be employed. The present law submits to the discretion, the caprice, and the passions of the creditor, whether he will or will not subject a citizen to this odious infliction of penal justice. There are men in the community who make a livelihood from buying up bad debts. The State puts its sheriffs, and constables, and the keys of its prisons under their control, and they daily wield their dreadful power from motives of interest; sometimes without the possibility of deriving benefit; but more frequently with a studied and tantalizing choice of time and circumstances, such as to give to personal duress the character and effects of torture. Torture, in fact it is; and many persons, no doubt, would rather lose the joint of a finger, or submit to a few turns of a thumb-screw in private, than be shut up in the wards of a Jail.

“Fortunately for the credit of the country at large, though to the discredit of Massachusetts, our law on this subject is behind the legislation of the majority of the States. Very few States in the Union deem so lightly of the value of the blessings which they secure to their citizens, as to allow an individual to deprive his neighbor of his liberty, for *thirty days*, for a debt of five dollars.”

The following is from Hon. Daniel Webster :—

"In answer to your enquiry, whether I have found it necessary to use such coercion in regard to debts of my own, I have to say, that I never imprisoned any man for my own debt, under any circumstances ; nor have I, in five and twenty years' professional practice, ever recommended it to others, except in cases where there was a manifest proof, or violent and unexplained suspicion, of intentional fraud.

"Imprisonment for debt, my dear sir, as it is now practised, is, in my judgment, a great evil ; and it seems to me, an effectual remedy for the larger part of the evil is obvious. Nineteen-twentieths of the whole of it would be relieved, in my opinion, if imprisonment for *small debts* were to be abolished. That object I believe to be attainable ; and to its attainment, I think, the main attention of those who take an interest in the subject should be directed. Small credits are often given, on the confidence of being able to collect the debt by the terrors of the Jail ; great ones, seldom or never."

From Hon. Henry W. Dwight, of Stockbridge :—

"I have never found it necessary to imprison a man for a debt due to me personally, and whenever, in fifteen years' practice, I have done so for a client, I have always found it would have been better not to have done so."

From Samuel A. Elliot, Esq. :—

"So far from finding it necessary to imprison any one for debt to myself, I should think myself very ill employed with a view to my own interest, and much more so in a moral view, in confining those who owe me much larger sums than any you have named in your questions, which they are now unable to pay. I consider that my only chance of recovery is in allowing them to pursue their occupations."

The following is from Rev. J. T. a Missionary employed in ministering to the Poor of Boston :—

"The question arises, How far does the imprisoning system either check fraud, or secure payment where it would not otherwise be made ? I have no doubt whether, to a certain extent, it conduces to each of these ends. But I have also no doubt whether it produces very far more fraud than it prevents ; nor do I doubt whether there are ten unjust and wicked imprisonments for small debts, to one where the debtor would pay his debts if he could. I have seen much of the misery which this imprisonment for small debts brings upon the poor, and of the cruel injustice with which the law, in this respect, bears upon the laboring class of our population. I have known a respectable mechanic, for example, imprisoned for a debt of \$5, contracted by his family at a grocer's, while he himself was very ill ; and he was sent to Jail for that debt, when he not only was without a shilling, but his family was wanting bread because he was not able to work ; and another for a debt of \$5 or \$6, contracted by purchasing certain tools ; each of whom, I believe, would most readily have paid what he owed, if he had possessed the means of doing it. But not only so, I have known a poor man sent to Jail for a small debt, by one who paid his board there, for a more secure enjoyment of vicious intercourse in his family !"

From Hon. Stephen White, of Salem :—

“I am opposed to all manner of imprisonment for debt, unless it be connected with fraud. I am distinctly in favor of some provision being made by law, for the discharge of all innocent debtors, upon a *bona fide* surrender of all their property, for the equal benefit of creditors, in proportion to the amount of their respective claims.”

From Hon. Benj. T. Pickman, of Salem :—

“According to my observation, a large proportion of those persons who have been imprisoned for debt, were so for very small sums, and to gratify a malicious or revengeful temper ; and, as such persons are generally unable to obtain surety for the liberty of the yard, they have been confined in apartments not much, if any better than those in which convicted felons were confined. If the debtor, so confined, be a bad man, it only serves to excite in him a spirit of revenge ; if he be a good but unfortunate man, it evidently renders him incapable, for the time, of providing for the support of himself or his family, should he have one, and thereby increases his inability to pay his debts.”

We make a few extracts at random from the Report :—

“The laws of New Jersey provide food, bedding and fuel for criminals in the County Prisons ; but for debtors, nothing is provided but walls, bars and bolts. An applicant for the benefit of the insolvent law of this State, must make oath that he has rendered a true and perfect inventory of all his lands and tenements, goods and chattels, moneys and effects. This inventory must accompany his petition to the County Court for the benefit of the insolvent laws. The Court then appoint him a hearing, in forty days after making this application. You will now perceive that the debtor must subsist, during these forty days, upon the cold and precarious crumbs of charity, starve to death in Prison, or, infinitely worse than either, live upon the avails of a forsworn conscience.”

“Saturday last, being return day, upwards of twenty persons were committed to Jail, in this town, for debt, on executions. This is the residuum of the shocks of 1829. Among the debtors are many of our most worthy fellow citizens. One of them, Captain Samuel Godfrey, is now eighty-six years of age, with the loss of hearing, and nearly bent double by infirmities. He is committed, too, not for a debt of his own, but for having been an endorser. We envy not the feelings of a creditor, who thus exacts the pound of flesh, at an age, too, when the sources of life are so dried up, that he might venture to cut it out without the risk of drawing a drop of blood !”

“A captain of a trading ship, being not long since in Constantinople, lodged in the house of a sea-faring Turk. One day he observed to the Mussulman that, in all his walks through the immense city of Constantinople and its suburbs, he had not seen anything like a Jail for imprisonment of debtors. ‘Christian dog,’ said the disciple of Mahomet, ‘do you suppose that we are so debased as to copy the Nazarine policy? We take care to strip a debtor of all his property, so far as it will go to pay his just debts ; but there we leave him ; we instantly turn him loose to begin the world again. The believers in our prophet are above shutting up their fellow men in cages, in order to persecute, starve and torment them. We make a distinction between a man and a rat. I have been in several of

the Nazarine [Christian] cities, and never looked at a Debtor's Prison without horror, as a place where man is degraded to the condition of a rat.' "

"The cruel effects, and the suffering resulting from imprisonment for debt, and its almost universal inefficacy in producing satisfaction of the claims of the creditor, have for a long time attracted public attention, and been depicted in vivid colors by different writers, in the hope of removing the evil. But improvements of every kind, however plain and palpable, travel at a snail's pace, when they have to encounter inveterate prejudice. It has often happened that it required half a century to remove a crying evil, about which no two enlightened men could for a moment differ in opinion; and cases are by no means rare, in which half a century has been found inadequate for the purpose. The abuses of the court of Chancery in Great Britain, and its ruinous delays of justice, almost equivalent to a denial, are strongly in point."

"It appears, on the authority of Mr. Rowen, keeper of the debtor's apartment in that city, that the number of cases of imprisonment [for debt] during the year 1828, was 1085! The debts together amounted to \$25,409; the damages to \$362,076! the amount paid in Jail, \$295! which bears to the amount of actual debt, the proportion of 1 to 86! and to the amount of debts and damages, of 1 to 1313!"

"I have had much opportunity, for many years, as an Inspector of the Prison, of witnessing the evils resulting from imprisonment for debt, and therefore can testify to the folly of the whole system. The debtor becomes reckless of character, dissolute, and ruined in many instances, and returns to society its bane and curse."

Charles Sedgwick, Esq. of Lenox, after giving an elaborate statement from the records of the Jail in Berkshire Co. concludes by saying:—

"The expenses amount to more than three times the debt, without answering any good purpose whatever, and operate very hardly upon the families of those who are thus deprived of the proceeds of the debtor's labor, and who are most in need of it for their daily support."

Let it be recollected that the creditor is not obliged by the law of our State to swear to the truth of his claim, and that therefore any malicious person may imprison another for thirty days for any purpose, without fear of punishment—that by a law requiring that the other creditors should be notified, (a legal process which costs from six to ten dollars, and which the unhappy man may be quite unable to pay,) the time of imprisonment may be doubled and trebled—and then let the thousand chances be remembered, by which an intelligent, educated and refined man, with a family as refined and sensitive as himself, may be put into the power of a low and vulgar wretch, without compassion or honesty—and who will not hold up both his hands for a repeal of these blots upon our statutes? Add to this that the victim is commonly ruined forever by the degradation—that public notoriety and pity, and,

what is more, an inevitable self-contempt, destroy in him the fine sense of honor, and blast his ambition utterly, and that no good can possibly accrue to the creditor except the gratification of a low malice, if good it be. It is a most forcible remark in Mr. Everett's admirable letter, that this law puts one of the highest inflictions of penal justice into the hands of the commonest villain whose revenge prompts him to use it, and that it is frequently used with a studied and tantalizing choice of time and circumstances, such as to give it the character and effects of torture.

WE noticed with some pain in an Albany paper of recent date, a severe personal attack upon us for an expression which occurred in a late paper of our Magazine. Speaking of Albany, we incautiously alluded to some of the notorious nuisances of that city as "more Dutch than decent." It was a rash expression into which the alliteration of the words tempted us, without a shadow of a design to injure the feelings of any individual except the street surveyor. The writer of the article undertakes to deny all we assert, and makes a serious charge against us besides, of ingratitude for hospitality. Without retracting a shade of our description as such, we apologize amply and freely for our allusion to the Dutch descent of the inhabitants. We confess that we have received from them the kindest hospitality, and (since the writer in the Advertiser has alluded to it) we may say that the refinement and elegance of the Dutch families we have the honor of knowing, are not, as far as our observation goes, surpassed if equalled in this country. Our pleasantest, our very pleasantest hours of travel have been spent among them. Yet it is not the less true that in getting from the Hotel to their places of residence, we have been twice run down and trampled over by hogs, or that the dirt and offals of the streets do not put in constant peril the decency of a well drest foot passenger. It is little consolation to our ruined integuments, (for that which falls in Albany *should* fall like Lucifer, never to rise again) that we have not yet acquired the local alacrity at dodging, and we trust a little testiness will be forgiven us in consideration of not being accustomed to the remarkable irregularities in the velocity of the animals referred to. We have spent much vain study at a safe window, to discern the principles upon which they change their courses so suddenly. One thing should be remembered by our offended friends,—that the general ideas of the Dutch in this part of the country are drawn from books, wherein (as in Knickerbocker) only their lower classes are described, or their peculiarities caricatured, and hence, a natural associa-

tion with them, in our mind, of vulgarity. The thought that the exceedingly agreeable people we have seen were *Dutch*, never entered our mind. But we have said enough, and with the hope that our apology will remove all offence, we commit our complaints to the street surveyor, and our person to Providence in case he takes no notice of them.

THOSE of our readers who lounge at the booksellers' shops, have admired the beautiful quarto editions of the contemporary poets, lately imported from France. By a kind of literary piracy, which must be very annoying to London authors, they publish popular works at Paris (paying nothing for copyrights) at one-sixth of the London prices, and we get them in this country far cheaper than we could print them. Two volumes lie beside us—one of which contains the works of Coleridge, Shelley and Keats, with beautiful portraits of these authors, and the other, those of Milman, Bowles, Barry Cornwall and Wilson, also with portraits. From the last author of the latter volume, we shall make some extracts which were new to us till lately, prefacing them with parts of an amusing sketch of his Life. Wilson was possessed of a fortune, and entered Oxford at an early age, as a gentleman Commoner, where he pursued a "mingled life of hard study and boisterous relaxation."

"Soon after quitting the University, he purchased a beautiful estate, called Elleray, a few miles from Ambleside, on the noble Lake of Winandermere, in Cumberland, one of the finest and most picturesque sites in England. The house, which stands on a sort of mountain terrace, high over one side of the lake, is a most commodious one in every respect, and was planned by himself, and erected under his own superintendence. It is backed by deep woods, shielding it from the storms to which its lofty situation exposes it; while the view from the front is very rarely surpassed for magnificence and beauty. In front below, the lake expands its noble waters, and beyond them rise ridges of romantic and rugged mountains. No poet in Europe has so noble and agreeable a residence. Lord of his domain, with every comfort and convenience of life, a spacious habitation and literary leisure, few writers have ever had finer opportunities for courting the muses, or have lived so little unvexed by the inquietudes of ordinary existence.

"At one period of his life, full of buoyant spirits and high excitement, the poet established a sailing-club on the Lake of Winandermere. He lavished large sums of money upon the scheme, and would not be outdone in the splendor of his vessels by men of larger fortunes. He sent for shipwrights from the nearest seaports to construct his little vessels, of which he had a number on the lake at one time; one of these, his largest, cost him five hundred pounds. He also kept a number of seamen to man them, and lavished his money profusely on his dependants. At one place he had an establishment for his boatmen; at another, one for his servants, and a third for himself. These expenses, continued for a considerable time, together with the pecuniary loss above alluded to, impaired his for-

tune, and are supposed to have led him ultimately to be a successful candidate for the chair of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, which he obtained in 1820.

"There are a great many anecdotes of our poet in his moments of hilarity, which savor too much of scandal to be recorded here. His fondness of the social circle and his love of the whimsical are notorious; and the tales of his follies and juvenile extravagances among his friends are numerous in their recollection. At the lake he is adored. Besides being esteemed the first angler of the district, his innumerable feats of prowess are there narrated with enthusiasm. He is said to have soundly drubbed six gypsies one after the other, probably by way of rendering them less rude when they should next meet any one journeying alone at night. To prove that his lessons in politeness were not to be limited to the mere vulgar, he once 'thrashed' an English lord, who had insulted his wife and some ladies whilst drinking tea at an inn on the lake. In the course of one of his rambles through the Highlands of Scotland, his personal strength again stood him in good stead. Having incautiously got into a quarrel with a *gentleman* drover at a fair held near Rothiemurchus, he thereby incurred the vengeance of the whole brotherhood of which his muscular antagonist was a member. Noted as these men are for strength and recklessness, it is not surprising if our hero, after displaying courage which awed even the mountaineers, was indebted for safety to the advice of a gentleman who, without knowing the celebrity of the stranger, prevailed on him to withdraw from a contest where he stood singly opposed to the unsparing resentment, not only of all the cattle-dealers of the district, but of all the Grants, to whose numerous clan his first opponent belonged. The gentleman who had thus exerted himself was not a little surprised to learn from the card presented by the stranger, that his interference in a vulgar brawl had procured him an introduction to a poet whom he had long admired.

"Having thus entered on the 'hair-breadth 'scapes' of our author, we may mention that, when a student at Oxford, he and about fifteen others, having gone to bathe in the river Thames within sight of a number of professors seated in a barge, made an attack, stark-naked, upon seventy people (men and women) hoeing in an adjoining field, who had pelted them with turf. The onset was successful, and promised an easy triumph. But the enemy, rallying, cut off their passage to the river. Here the struggle became dire, and threatened to end too heroically. Our shieldless warriors, however, performed deeds of unequalled valor, reached the steep bank, leapt into the affrighted waves, and gained the opposite shore without loss of limb.

"However opposite to the inference which might be drawn from some of the preceding anecdotes, we must do Professor Wilson the justice to declare that he is remarkable for good nature. His countenance is full of intelligence, his eyes are very light blue, his hair is yellow, his complexion fair. When young he was pronounced handsome; but this could hardly be said in sober seriousness, or was the partial opinion of some very partial friends. His stature is nearly six feet, robust, strongly made, but not in good proportion, his body being too short for his legs; and hence probably arose his talent as a leaper, in which, when young, he was wont to excel all his companions. The first time he distinguished himself in this capacity, was at a competition amongst the picked men of the country, when, leaping to show them the spirit of 'Old Scotland,' he came off decidedly superior. On another occasion, however, he was less successful. Having privately leaped over a canal of considerable

breadth, he engaged to perform the same feat in public, but, awed probably by the unnerving gaze of an immense multitude, he failed in his bold attempt, and alighted, not on the further bank, but in the very middle of its sluggish waters. His complexion is florid, and thus at variance with the color of his hair. His eyes are not good, but the lower part of his face is excellent. The expression of his face is lofty and sagacious, but without handsomeness of a feature as a whole. He is not the man to impress a stranger at first sight with a sense of the intellectual power he possesses; but he would still attract attention from his appearance even in a numerous company, without the observer being able to explain the particular reason why he did so.

"The conduct of 'Blackwood's Magazine' is generally understood to be in the hands of Wilson. This publication owes its success (barring party principles) to the playful, cutting, and acute articles of Wilson. In other literary publications there is too much of the lamp, the toil of the student, and cold correct caution observed. In 'Blackwood' the articles come out warmly and fluently as they would be spoken, with irregularity, whim, sportiveness, satire, and what not, *exrente calamo*; all perfectly after nature. This is the secret of its success, and originates in the style and manner of Wilson himself. It is in this respect his very counterpart. The gall and wormwood, the ferocious Tory zeal, the severe castigations, and the good nature, the strong truth, and the lenient or biting criticism, flow in the same breath and from the same source. They have all the variety of Wilson's conversation, and the force and vigor of his thoughts impressed upon them; and many of his own articles furnish an extraordinary contrast to those which preceded them, as if they could never in the nature of things have proceeded from the same pen, running one so counter to another. If Campbell, in the conduct of the 'New Monthly Magazine,' is too timidly correct, so as to paralyze the pens of his contributors, no such fault can be attached to Wilson. He suffers them to run wild, and seems to enjoy the exuberance of fancy which is thus constantly developing itself. Wilson's known animosity to those opposed to him in the field of politics, is more editorial than personal. There was even a time when his political principles leaned the other way, and the last man to champion the cause of high church and ultra toryism that could be named, would have been Professor Wilson. Time works marvellous changes, and the levity of his physiognomy, such as it frequently assumes, and the versatility of his talents, seem to have extended themselves to principles. Wilson is a highly-gifted man, and had he devoted himself steadily to one pursuit, such as law or divinity, he would have arisen to the highest summit of professional honor. He appears to have, at one time, turned his attention to the Scottish bar, but abandoned that career at the time of his marriage.

"In addition to his high reputation as a poet, Professor Wilson enjoys that of a successful authorship in another department of literature. To his pen are generally attributed the prose tales entitled 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life,' 'The Trials of Margaret Lindsay,' and 'The Foresters.'

"The residence of Professor Wilson is now principally in Edinburgh, where he mingles much in a society which his talents are well calculated to adorn. Neither he nor his family, however, appear to join with much zest in the gaieties of the fashionable circles of the Scottish metropolis. Led by circumstances to give up the freedom of a country life for the drudgery of a professorship, he makes the best of the evil, and finds a substitute in the free interchange of thought with friends, for the rural lib-

erty of which he was ever so fond, and from which it could never have been supposed, at one time of his life, that anything short of absolute force could have disunited him."

The "Isle of Palms," the first Poem in this collection, is a roughly-finished, rambling production, full of beautiful description, and very graceful. This is a specimen:—

And lo! upon the murmuring waves
 A glorious Shape appearing!
 A broad-winged Vessel, through the shower
 Of glimmering lustre steering!
 As if the beauteous ship enjoyed
 The beauty of the sea,
 She lifteth up her stately head
 And saileth joyfully.
 A lovely path before her lies,
 A lovely path behind;
 She sails amid the loveliness
 Like a thing with heart and mind.
 Fit pilgrim through a scene so fair,
 Slowly she beareth on;
 A glorious phantom of the deep,
 Risen up to meet the Moon.
 The Moon bids her tenderest radiance fall
 On her wavy streamer and snow-white wings,
 And the quiet voice of the rocking sea
 To cheer the gliding vision sings.
 Oh! ne'er did sky and water blend
 In such a holy sleep,
 Or bathe in brighter quietude
 A roamer of the deep.
 So far the peaceful soul of Heaven
 Hath settled on the sea,
 It seems as if this weight of calm
 Were from eternity.
 O World of Waters! the steadfast earth
 Ne'er lay entranced like Thee!

Is she a vision wild and bright,
 That sails amid the still moonlight
 At the dreaming soul's command?
 A vessel borne by magic gales,
 All rigged with gossamery sails,
 And bound for Fairy-land?
 Ah! no!—an earthly freight she bears,
 Of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears;
 And lonely as she seems to be,
 Thus left by herself on the moonlight sea
 In loneliness that rolls,
 She hath a constant company,
 In sleep, or waking revelry,
 Five hundred human souls!
 Since first she sailed from fair England,
 Three moons her path hath cheered;

And another lights her lovelier lamp
Since the Cape hath disappeared.
For an Indian Isle she shapes her way :
With constant mind both night and day
She seems to hold her home in view,
And sails, as if the path she knew ;
So calm and stately is her motion
Across th' unfathomed trackless ocean.

Is no one on the silent deck
Save the helmsman who sings for a breeze,
And the sailors who pace their midnight watch,
Still as the slumbering seas ?
Yes ! side by side, and hand in hand,
Close to the prow two figures stand,
Their shadows never stir,
And fondly as the Moon doth rest
Upon the Ocean's gentle breast,
So fond they look on her.
They gaze and gaze till the beauteous orb
Seems made for them alone :
They feel as if their home were Heaven,
And the earth a dream that hath flown.
Softly they lean on each other's breast,
In holy bliss reposing,
Like two fair clouds to the vernal air,
In folds of beauty closing.
The tear down their glad faces rolls,
And a silent prayer is in their souls,
While the voice of awakened memory,
Like a low and plaintive melody.
Sings in their hearts,—a mystic voice,
That bids them tremble and rejoice.
And Faith, who oft had lost her power
In the darkness of the midnight hour,
When the planets had rolled afar,
Now stirs in their souls with a joyful strife,
Embued with a genial spirit of life
By the Moon and the Morning-Star.

A far bolder and more strongly conceived production is the "City of the Plague," an elaborate drama. Some of its descriptions are more highly wrought and appalling than anything we have ever read. Here is an extract from the second Scene :—

A great square in the city.—A multitude of miserable Men and Women crowding around a Person of a wild and savage appearance, dressed in a fantastical garb with an hour-glass in his hand.

ASTROLOGER.

The sun is going down, and when he sets,
You know my accursed gift of prophecy
Departeth from me, and I then become
Blind as my wretched brethren. Then the Plague

Riots in darkness 'mid his unknown victims,
 Nor can I read the name within his roll
 Now registered in characters of blood.
 Come to me, all ye wearied, who would rest,
 Who would exchange the fever's burning pillow
 For the refreshing coolness of the grave!
 Come hither, all ye orphans of a day,
 And I will tell you when your head shall rest
 Upon your parent's bosoms.

[Two women advance eagerly from the crowd.]

FIRST WOMAN.

Listen to me before that woman speaks.
 I went this morning to my lover's house,
 Mine own betrothed husband, who had come
 From sea two days ago. The house was empty;
 As the cold grave that longeth for its coffin,
 'Twas damp and empty; and I shrieked in vain
 On him who would not hear. Tell me his fate,
 Say that he lives, or say that he is dead—
 But tell me,—tell me, lest I curse my God,
 Some tidings of him; shouldst thou see him lying
 Even in yon dreadful pit. Do you hear? speak, speak,
 O God! no words can be so terrible
 As that mute face, whose blackness murders hope,
 And freezes my sick soul. Heaven's curse light on thee
 For that dumb mockery of a broken heart!

ASTROLOGER.

I see him not, some cloud envelops him!

WOMAN.

He hath left the city then, and gone on ship-board?

ASTROLOGER.

I see him not, some cloud envelops him!

WOMAN.

What! hast thou not a wondrous glass that shows
 Things past, or yet to come? give me one look,
 That I may see his face so beautiful,
 Where'er it be; or in that ghastly pit,
 Or smiling 'mid his comrades on the deck,
 While favoring breezes waft his blessed ship
 Far from the Plague, to regions of delight,
 Where he may live forever.

ASTROLOGER.

Is your lover
 A tall thin youth, with thickly-clustering locks,
 Sable and glossy as the raven's wing?

WOMAN.

Yes! he is tall—I think that he is tall;
 His hair it is dark brown—yes, almost black—
 Many call it black—you see him? Does he live?

ASTROLOGER.

That pit containeth many beautiful:
 But thy sailor, in his warlike garb, doth lie
 Distinguished o'er the multitude of dead!

And all the crowd, when the sad cart was emptied,
Did weep and sob for that young mariner ;
Such corpse, they thought, should have been buried
Deep in the ocean's heart, and a proud peal
Of thunder rolled above his sinking coffin.

WOMAN (*distracted.*)

Must I believe him? off, off to the pit!
One look into that ghastliness,—one plunge:
None ever loved me but my gentle sailor,
And his sweet lips are cold—I will leap down.
[*She rushes madly away.*]

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD.

Ay, she intends to look before she leaps;
Well—life is life—I would not part with it
For all the girls in Christendom. Forsooth!

SECOND WOMAN.

Say, will my child recover from the Plague?

ASTROLOGER.

Child! foolish woman! now thou hast no child.
Hast thou not been from home these two long hours,
Here listening unto that which touched thee not,
And ledest thou not thy little dying child
Sitting by the fire, upon a madman's knee?
Go home! and ask thy husband for thy child!
The fire was burning fierce and wrathfully,
Its father knew not that the thing he held
Upon its knee had life—and when it shrieked,
Amid the flames, he sat and looked at it,
With fixed eyeballs, and a stony heart.
Unnatural mother! worse than idiotcy
To leave a baby in a madman's lap,
And yet no fetters, from infanticide
To save his murderous hands.

WOMAN (*rushing away.*)

O God! O God!

ASTROLOGER.

Come forward, thou with that most ghost-like face,
Fit for a winding sheet! and if those lips
So blue and quivering still can utter sounds,
What wouldst thou say? The motion of thine eyes
Betoken some wild wish within thy heart.

[*A man comes forward and lays down money before
the Astrologer.*]

MAN.

I trust my hour is near. I am alone
In this dark world, and I desire to die.

ASTROLOGER.

Thou shalt be kept alive by misery.
A tree doth live, long after rottenness
Hath eat away its heart: the sap of life
Moves through its withered rind, and it lives on;
'Mid the green woods a rueful spectacle
Of mockery and decay.

MAN.

I feel 'tis so.

Thus have I been since first the plague burst out,
 A term methinks of many hundred years!
 As if this world were hell, and I condemned
 To walk through wo to all eternity.
 I will do suicide.

ASTROLOGER.

Thou canst not, fool!

Thou lovest life with all its agonies;
 Buy poison, and 'twill lie for years untouched
 Beneath thy pillow, when thy midnight horrors
 Are at thy worst. Coward! thou canst not die!

MAN.

He sees my soul: a blast as if from hell
 Drives me back from the grave—I dare not die.

[He disappears among the crowd, and a young and beautiful Lady approaches the Astrologer.]

LADY.

O man of fate! my lovely babes are dead!
 My sweet twin-babes! and at the very hour
 Thy voice predicted, did my infants die.
 My husband saw them both die in my arms,
 And never shed a tear. Yet did he love them
 Even as the wretch who bore them in her womb.
 He will not speak to me, but ever sits
 In horrid silence, with his glazed eyes
 Full on my face, as if he loved me not—
 O God! as if he hated me! I lean
 My head upon his knees and say my prayers,
 But no kind word, or look, or touch is mine.
 Then will he rise and pace through all the rooms,
 Like a troubled ghost, or pale-faced man
 Walking in his sleep. Oh tell me! hath the Plague
 E'er these wild symptoms? Must my husband perish
 Without the sense of his immortal soul?
 Or,—bless me forever with the heavenly words,—
 Say he will recover and behold
 His loving wife, with answering looks of love.

ASTROLOGER.

Where are the gold, the diamonds, and the pearls
 That erewhile, in thy days of vanity,
 Did sparkle, star-like, through the hanging clouds
 That shaded thy bright neck, that raven hair?
 Give them to me; for many are the poor,
 Nor shalt thou, Lady, ever need again
 This mortal being's frivolous ornaments.
 Give me the gold you promised; holiest alms
 Add not a moment to our numbered days,
 But the death of open-handed charity
 Is on a bed of down. Hast thou the gold?

LADY.

All that I have is here. My husband gave me
 This simple necklace on my marriage day.

Take it! here is a picture set in gold:
The picture I may keep. Oh! that his face
Were smiling so serenely beautiful,
So like an angel's now!—O sacred ring!
Which I did hope to wear within the tomb,
I give thee to the poor. So may their prayers
Save him from death for whose delightful sake
With bliss I wore it, and with hope resign.
Here, take them all, thou steward of the poor;
Stern as thou art, thou art a holy man!
I do believe thou art a holy man.

ASTROLOGER.

Lady, thou need'st this wedding-ring no more!
Death with his lean and bony hand hath loosened
The bauble from thy finger, and even now
Thy husband is a corpse. Oh! might I say
Thy beauty were immortal! But a ghost,
In all the loveliness on earth it wore,
Walks through the moonlight of the cemetery.
And I know the shadow of the mortal creature
Now weeping at my side.

These extracts are sufficient to show that Mr. Wilson is an original and highly gifted poet. There is a want of elaboration in his verse, and now and then an instance of bad taste in the selection of his circumstances, but he is fresh, and peculiar, and forcible, and these are a better proportion than is common of excelling qualities. We wish him more read by us, and better appreciated than he appears to be in England.

THERE are several new books beside us. The best Monthly of praise is a new number of the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge" from the press of Wells & Lilly—the most complete and finished work of any kind that we know. Then we have a new "Geography of Boston and Vicinity," a carefully prepared Guide to the places of interest about us, published by our friends, Carter & Hendee; and another new periodical from the press of our printers, the "Naturalist," which looks and promises well. The "Illinois Monthly" comes out, sound and agreeable,—the "Juvenile Miscellany" is, as ever, the model of taste, and simple beauty, and we have a prospectus of a new literary periodical to be published in Charleston, S. C. called the Literary Observer. It is to be edited by a gentleman of talents, whom we knew as a distinguished scholar while in College, and if it enlist but half the genius and scholarship which are lying *perdue* in that city of accomplished men, it cannot fail to do the South credit, and win consideration for the Editor.

A CERTAIN inky personage, whom we are told it is indecorous to mention, has just dropped in, with the astounding intelligence that Mr. Light (you should think his name was Darkness to see his apprentice,) wanted five more pages. "Five more pages?"—Why, we complimented all our friends in the last paragraph, in the hope that the printer would not get it in! "Five more pages!" Why, you cormorants! will a man's brain spin forever? Are we like the scent of a rose—infininitely divisible? Have we not written four pages of verses for you? Have we not abused Mr. Galt? Have we not dotted the i's and crossed the t's, and mended the punctuation of a dozen articles, more or less? And is not our quill whittled to the pith, and our second finger dabbled to the knuckle in your service? "Five more pages!" What shall they be about? Shall we laugh at the lame apology for Mr. Randolph in the President's Message? Shall we abuse some New York paper (we have forgotten what) for their inhospitable abuse of Mr. Webster, while in their city? Shall we write a Pæan on Mr. Otis's re-election? Shall we abuse the weather? Shall we describe the Aurora Borealis? Shall we bite our thumb at the world in general, or Mr. Buckingham in particular? We wish somebody that we could quarrel with (now our fingers are washed) had pasquinaded us—and that reminds us, (and our levity dies as we remember it,) that the only man who ever abused us like a gentleman—the only foe whose magnanimity and wit allowed us to love him—is dead. His Obituary is a few pages back—written by one who perhaps knew him better, but loved him no more than we. The brilliant Epigram on ourself, quoted in one of our last year's Tables, was written by the late Elijah H. Mills. A better heart, a brighter wit, a clearer scholar, a finer fellow in every quality that makes excellence, never was mourned over. We knew him in college, where no man wears a mask successfully, and the tribute we pay him here is the result of strong interest in his living career, and a naturally close observation of his character. He was one of those few persons who from the exuberance of talent and animal spirits can live two lives in one—play two characters, and each perfectly, which are ordinarily supposed irreconcilable. He was a scholar, and a severe and industrious one—everybody knows who came in contact with him. But he was also, the soul of whim and humor, the mover of everything convivial and adventurous—a man the gay and idle loved and thought as gay and idle as themselves. His first care was to do his duty, and he did it well. Beyond

that, nothing was too much for his inexhaustible spirits and his equally profuse resources. We are but repeating what has been better said before, however, and we will not dwell upon the theme. We regret his death for every reason—for his friends' sake who have lost their pride and honor—for his companions' sake who have lost a pleasant and spirit-stirring competitor—and, not least, for our own sake,—for, though he set his lance against us in the ring, he was, what he has not left behind him in the ranks of our enemies, a gallant and honorable opponent, whose victory marred no friendship beyond the lists, and whose skill it was an excitement and pleasure to encounter. We shall remember him when many a professed lover of ours is forgotten.

WHILE we think of it and have room, one word upon the Theatre and the article we have admitted into our pages on the subject. We are interested particularly on neither side of this hotly discussed question. We commend the motives, and we sincerely admire the zeal and courage of the first mover of the public attention to it. It has produced already much good. The Theatre is every way improved and better managed since. But we are not prepared to go all the lengths projected by its opponents, and we freely confess that when we go to the Theatre, which is rarely now, we are much gratified and little shocked. We dare say many of the representations made of the upper stories are true—but we never have witnessed any of the abuses referred to, and do not think any gentleman who should keep to the proper parts of the house would be. We are glad the question has been raised, for it, at least, has stimulated the police of the establishment, and it is a purgation for which no public institution could be the worse. Therefore we admit into our columns anything which is properly and well written, and if an article had been offered on the other side, and as properly and well written as this, we should have admitted it also. No man, we are certain, can listen to the exquisite singing of Madame Feron, or witness the chaste and universally admirable acting of Mr. Finn, without having his taste refined and his cares lightened. So we go sometimes to the play; and so we should recommend to any one, as far as morals are concerned, to go to the play. If the accompaniments which custom has made unusual in play-houses could be removed, we should like it better—but we contend that no one need be shocked by them, unless they seek it; and as for those who *really are* injured there, their purification should commence nearer the fountain.

IN good time—here is a communication which, quoting from the accompanying note, “must be inserted this month or not at all”—the seal scarce cold from the writer’s fire. It is a personification of the going and coming years:—

ΕΠΙ ΕΝΙΑΥΤΟΥ ΛΗΓΟΝΤΑ.

Within a wave-worn cavern, all deserted,
Save by the Night Wind, who, with deep-toned moans
Went striding by, and foaming fearfully,
A maiden lay.
Her brow was wreathed with a single band,
And her dark hair was weeping sadly down,
Or floating wildly on the cold Wind’s wing;
Her face was haggard, and its lines were traced
By sorrow’s marring finger; but her eye
Still madly gleamed, as if the soul had fled
From its strong holds for refuge there, and seized,
With the last effort of expiring strength,
Upon the orb, and burned there frightfully.
The cave was on a solitary shore,
And the sea waves were heaved convulsively
By the rude gambols of the boisterous blast.
The storm was sleeping still beneath the womb
Of the terrific ocean, but its sleep
Was agitated and tumultuous,
Presaging wrath and fury terrible,
When it should rise and walk abroad. The sky
Was rifted darkly—and the hurrying clouds
Were rushing aimlessly about the vault
Of the great heavens, and stars were winking strangely,
As the swift rack of clouds passed over them.

* * * * *

Another scene, in aspect and in form,
Greeted my eye. Within a stately palace—
The pillars all of polished emerald
Inlaid with glittering sapphires, chrysolites,
Bravely supported upon gold of Ophir,
And bearing up a hall magnificent—
Sat an old man—’twas Saturn, Sire of gods.
Around him stood the rosy-blossomed Hours,
With fingers dropping fragrance, and with eyes
Of laughing lustre—an immortal band.
Before him stood a maid most beautiful—
Fair as the light, when first, on morning’s wing,
It rushes from its home, and laughing floats
Across the heavens on some crystal cloud—
And quaffs with eagerness the fallen dew,
And bathes its fingers in its wreathy mists,
Which fondly hang upon the temple’s blue
Of heaven-kissing mountains. Her fair hair
Streamed from her snowy temples, like moonbeams
Which whitely rain from Cynthia’s pale sphere.
She held in her small hand a vase of flowers

Ready to scatter from her sheeny car,
Which to receive her, hard by hovering stood,
Drawn by a pair of wild tumultuous zephyrs,
And fashioned of a dreamy summer cloud.
I knew her for the Year, which soon should start
From Saturn's throne—to run her rapid course.

Suddenly—

Methought my wondering eyes again beheld
The maid I saw within the wave-worn cavern,
And heard her thus recite her piteous tale—

As joyful and free as a summer sea,
I arose from my glittering bed—
And in sunbeams I laughed as I eagerly quaffed
The light from its fountain head—
Then I sailed from the sun, my course to run,
On my wind-winged chariot fair,
And quenched my thirst in the silver burst
Of beams from the moon's white sphere.
Then I flew to the earth, to watch the birth
Of sunlight, that first should smile
On the earth's green dales, when she first should hail
My form as her queen awhile.
And I saw it spring, on a dew-cooled wing,
From its golden orient home ;
And I saw it laugh on its wakening half
Of the world as it o'er them did roam.
And I looked on the sea, as tumultuously
It received its lightning-eyed friend,
And I saw the waves sip, with a quivering lip,
The brightness its beams did lend ;
Till giddily drunk with the joy that had sunk
So lightly into their breasts,
They peered smilingly up to the o'erflowing cup,
That mantling on Heaven's brow, rests.

* * * * *

I had ran half my course, and had been the blessed source
Of soul-warming pleasure to man—
With my wings full of love, like a "brooding dove,"
Thoughts of joy to the soul I did fan.
On a zephyr I rode to each human abode,
Distilling air-music around,
Till I filled every brain, with the soul soothing strain
That about it in circling wreaths wound—
When the sun's fiery heat too fiercely did meet
The brow with its feverish glow,
From the ocean I weaved a cloud that I wreathed
As a veil o'er his glittering brow.
And when the hot land, which with zephyrs I fanned,
Was parchingly burning with thirst,
With grief at its pain the cloud wept out its rain
Whose gushing its bosom immersed.
And when thus it had slaked its thirst and awaked,
I collected the bright drops of rain
And to ravish man's eye, like jewels on high,

In the rainbow I hung them again—
 But though a bright smile lit the earth awhile,
 And nature wore garments of joy ;
 I could never see rest within man's raging breast,
 Nor behold him my beauty enjoy.
 And in dense rain I wept, and I wished I had slept
 Forever within my glad home—
 For the joy that had beamed within my soul, seemed
 Ne'er again to my bosom to come.
 And I summoned the cloud of a tempest loud,
 And wrapped it around my face ;—
 And forgetting my mirth, when I first saw the earth,
 On a whirlwind I flew through space—
 And leaving the world, a tempest I hurled
 At an earth which was dark to me—
 And I laid me to weep on the shore of that deep
 Whose waves are eternity.

The Year had ended, and an icy thrill
 Came o'er her pulses, and convulsively
 She shook with tremors of approaching death,
 Her twelve attendants raised her from the ground
 Where she had sunk—in vain ! the hand of Death
 Was on her, and her wounded spirit fled
 To the dark shades within.

* * * * *

The maidens twelve

Had now surrounded the succeeding Year.
 Weeping in sadness at her sister's fate,
 She waved aside her gaudy chariot,
 And on the breast of a dark-winged tempest,
 She frowning, rode to earth.

December, 1830.

P—h.